

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,199, Vol. 46.

October 19, 1878.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

EGYPT.

THE reform which was forced on the KHEDIVE has only just now taken its final shape. The first thing to be done was to make the KHEDIVE accept a new position. It was to him an eminently disagreeable and disappointing position; but political pressure made him accept it. During his busy, active, and eventful reign, he had achieved two great results. He had got into his hands a very large portion—a fifth, it is said—of the productive land of Egypt, and he had made himself not only the sole governor, but the sole administrator, of the country. Nothing was too high or too low for him. He alone ordered a railway or a canal to be made, and he alone decided to which of two adventurers a contract for supplying coals or pumps should be given. The reformers into whose grasp he has lately fallen made a wholesale sweep of this solitary grandeur. Under their compulsion he restored to the State the lands which he had bought or seized, and he undertook that for the future he would do nothing except through his Ministers. The next step was to find him a Minister who had sufficient capacity, knowledge, and courage to see what could be done and what ought to be done, and who would not be afraid to see that it was done. By a piece of singular good fortune such a Minister was at hand in NUBAR PASHA, whom three years ago the KHEDIVE sent into exile for displaying the very qualities which now recommend him. But this was not enough. NUBAR PASHA scarcely felt himself equal to dealing with so complicated and difficult a subject as Egyptian finance, and the creditors of Egypt could scarcely be expected to think that their interests were sufficiently protected unless the finance of the country was under the control of a skilled and trustworthy European. No one could be better fitted for the post than Mr. RIVERS WILSON, and the English Government was asked to allow him to accept it. Permission was given, and it was supposed that the scheme of reform was complete. But one of the two reforming Powers expressed itself dissatisfied, and said that something more was indispensable. If an Englishman was to be Minister of Finance, France urged that a Frenchman must be Minister of something else. NUBAR PASHA had himself offered the Ministry of Public Works to a Frenchman; but the Frenchman was not a person of very great eminence, although quite adequate to take charge of such a post as that of Minister of Public Works in Egypt, which has no money and little occasion for public works of any kind. M. WADDINGTON insisted that, to balance Mr. WILSON, his French colleague must be an eminent Frenchman, and that this eminent Frenchman must have a post worthy of him and of the country he represented. After long discussion this claim of France has been accepted by England and the KHEDIVE. M. DE BLIGNIÈRES is to be the Minister of Public Works, and, to make his post big enough for him, all the railways of Egypt and all the ports, except that of Alexandria, have been placed under his supervision.

So very strong was the feeling of M. WADDINGTON on the point that, as it is said, he declared he would himself resign unless he were allowed to have his way; and the question naturally suggests itself why he should have attached such very great importance to what might seem a matter of very subordinate importance. The great object of France as well as England is that Egypt should be decently governed, and should pay its creditors as much

as it can afford to pay them. If Mr. WILSON could contribute to this result, the French creditors of Egypt would profit by his exertions as much as the English; and it was not as if the English Government had exacted that Mr. WILSON should be appointed Minister of Finance. It had merely allowed a competent English official to make himself useful to Egypt in the mode which the KHEDIVE and NUBAR PASHA considered most desirable. France was not combating, but introducing, the element of direct foreign interference in Egyptian affairs. All this must have been quite as obvious to M. WADDINGTON as to any one else, and yet he made it not merely a political, but a personal question, that France should be directly and adequately represented in the Egyptian Ministry. It is certain that he must have had what he thought very strong reasons for taking so decided a course. Mere petty international jealousy is quite insufficient to account for his action, and though his motives must necessarily be a matter of conjecture, it is not very difficult to imagine what these motives have been. What good can Mr. RIVERS WILSON really do as Minister of Finance? He can state facts which are facts, and he can add up figures correctly, and he will be the first Egyptian Minister of Finance who has got even thus far. But this is only a very small part of what his work will be if he is to do any great amount of good. If the finances of Egypt are to be placed on a sound footing, the right taxes must be imposed, the right amount must be exacted, and what is exacted must be collected by honest men, and in a just and merciful manner. In short, all the established modes in which the KHEDIVE has dealt in every-day life with his subjects must be radically changed. NUBAR PASHA and Mr. RIVERS WILSON might wish to effect this, but they could no more do it than they could fly, unless combined political pressure was applied to make the KHEDIVE and his infinite army of ignorant, cunning, tyrannical subordinates work in the right groove. This political pressure cannot be applied by England alone, or by France alone. The moment that either of them ceased to put on pressure the KHEDIVE could do as he pleased; for neither would allow the other to be supreme in Egypt, and the KHEDIVE would immediately throw himself on the support of the Power which seemed unwilling to press reforms on him. It is France even more than England that has forced the new system on him, and France as well as England must work very hard, and express its mind very decidedly, in order that the system may not turn out as much of a delusion as all previous schemes of reform have proved in Egypt. If France is to apply this continuous pressure, it does not seem very strange that she should wish to have a voice in deciding what are the practical measures which are to be forced on the KHEDIVE. It seems a large demand on the courtesy and good-nature of France that she should be called on to support perpetually the views and wishes of Mr. RIVERS WILSON. That she should be asked to support energetically, in conjunction with England, what Mr. WILSON and M. DE BLIGNIÈRES agree in thinking should be done is a very different thing, and it is not wonderful that it should be something much more to the taste of the French MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

There is, too, another way in which M. WADDINGTON may regard the matter. He may look at it from the point of view of the French creditors. These creditors have hitherto acted with their fellow-sufferers in England, and have on the whole shown great loyalty and some forbear-

ance in carrying out a concerted policy. But there has been some difference both of feeling and opinion. The French have always been inclined to press more hardly on the KHEDIVE than the English have been, and it was they who first insisted on the restoration by the KHEDIVE of his accumulated estates. They have also been peculiarly anxious that the current coupons should be paid; and it was chiefly due to their importunity that, in point of fact, sums were somehow found in a marvellous manner to pay coupons when payment seemed hopeless. They may be wrong or right in their views as to what Egypt can do for them; but it is not extraordinary that they should wish that their views should be represented in a Ministry which they naturally regard as a machinery for paying them what is due to them. They can scarcely be expected to forget that an English official in the service of the KHEDIVE took upon himself some months ago to issue a report, in spite of the strong disapproval of his French colleague, in which it was sought to be shown, on the unchecked authority of statements made by natives entirely under the thumb of the KHEDIVE, that the creditors could not possibly be paid in full out of the revenues of Egypt. NUBAR PASHA and Mr. RIVERS WILSON will of course not make a blunder of so flagrant a kind; but, after full examination, they may think, and may properly think, that remissions of taxation must be made which will for a time prejudice the position of the creditors. This may be necessary, but, before it is announced to be necessary, the French creditors may wish that an eminent Frenchman should have an opportunity of looking into the facts and of bringing himself to see that the necessity exists. Nor is this all. Mr. WILSON has foreshadowed what his scheme of finance is to be, and it appears to be based on the issue of a new loan of six millions sterling. Such a loan could not possibly be floated without French assistance, and it is extremely doubtful whether it can be floated even with their help. An unsuccessful attempt to float a new Egyptian loan may be very detrimental to existing Egyptian securities. Before they are asked to concur in bringing out a loan, and even before they can be expected not to protest against its issue, the French creditors may not unreasonably wish that a Frenchman, specially representing their interests, should have studied the circumstances which are said to make the loan necessary, and should have studied them, not as a mere zealous outsider, but with the appliances and authority of a Minister.

EASTERN AFFAIRS.

EVERY day which in passing reduces the interval between early autumn and winter diminishes the probability of an immediate advance of the English army into Afghanistan. Some of the reasons which might justify a consistent policy insufficiently explain an alleged change of purpose. It is said that the AMEER has placed in the fort of Ali Musjid an unexpectedly strong garrison; and a further reason assigned for delay was that the native Envoy who was some time since despatched to Cabul was still in the power of the barbarian enemy. Both circumstances were known, either as actual or possible, when the VICEROY and his advisers are supposed to have contemplated an autumn campaign. It is scarcely possible that any responsible officer can have allowed his plans to depend on the strength of the force which the enemy might place at any single post. There is happily no ground for further solicitude as to the fate of the Nawab GHOLAM HUSSEIN KHAN, who has returned to the frontier with the AMEER's answer to the VICEROY; but if the temporary possession of a hostage has given the AMEER the incalculable advantage of postponing a conflict for several months, it is difficult to condemn too strongly the rashness which placed the Envoy in his hands. It would have been easy to forward letters through the frontier posts without incurring the alternative of exposing a valuable public servant to great personal risk, or enabling the enemy to choose his own time for beginning the war. The despatch of Sir NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S Mission still requires explanation. It was highly probable that, as the event proved, SHERE ALI would profit by the opportunity to offer a public affront to the English Government. That a whole winter should be allowed to elapse before redress could be exacted is an inconvenience which seems to have been

wantonly encountered. Three or four months of steady preparation for war might perhaps have caused the reception of the Mission; and it would at least have rendered it possible to strike an immediate blow. Time has now been allowed for the Russians to organize resistance, and to prosecute intrigues with native Indian potentates. It is not known whether the boasts of the Russian papers that some of the Indian princes are already meditating treason have any foundation in fact.

The vituperative and menacing declamations of hostile journalists do little harm, and may sometimes supply useful intimations. English newspapers are in time of war more formidable auxiliaries of the enemy. It will be impossible to withhold from the Russians, or from their humble ally of Cabul, minute and daily details of the troops, the arrangements and defects of the commissariat, the number, strength, and destination of artillery trains. No London editor of a daily paper would withhold the most delicate State secret at the risk of being forestalled by a rival. The writer of the articles in the *Times* headed "Afghanistan," anticipating the appointment of YAKOOB KHAN to a high command, voluntarily suggests to him the mode by which he may render certain passes impregnable to an English invader. The conduct of some of the English Correspondents with the Turkish army in furnishing through the London papers information to the Russian generals was abundantly reprehensible. English civilians and soldiers who glorify themselves at the expense of their country by publishing all that an enemy can wish to know commit an offence which ought to bring them within the reach of the criminal law. The evil would be less intolerable if there were any reciprocity in the indiscretions of Special Correspondents and public writers. There are no newspapers in Afghanistan, and the Russian newspapers publish only that which suits the purpose of their Government. The gratification of public curiosity affords no sufficient excuse for communications which are impartially addressed to friends and enemies. Any reasonable Englishman would rather be ignorant of the plans and resources of the Indian Government than share the fullest knowledge with Russian generals and Afghan chiefs. SHERE ALI will have learnt through the Russian Envoy the postponement of the invasion earlier and more certainly than he would have known it through his native spies.

The Russians take no trouble to disguise the close connexion between the Afghan difficulty and their own proceedings in Turkey. Journals which represent the policy of the Government openly express the hope that, being, as they believe, fully occupied in India, England will be less exacting in Europe. It is perhaps true that a Russian member of the East Roumelian Commission insolently told his English colleague that he attributed too much weight to the Treaty of Berlin, while the Russians thought it no more serious than a comic opera. It is useless to investigate the moral condition of official politicians who are proud of discrediting the honour and good faith of their own Government. If a treaty negotiated and signed by the chief Ministers of all the Great Powers is not serious, nothing is serious but force, backed on occasion by fraud; and probably the candid Commissioner meant to convey that impression. The pretension of the Russian authorities to administer the finances of East Roumelia, in defiance of the plain text of the treaty, would perhaps never have been advanced but for the success of the Afghan intrigue. The return of the Russian army to the lines in front of Constantinople, though it is primarily intended to operate on the fears of the SULTAN, is also a proof of real or affected indifference to the just claims of England. The measure was prepared before the authorities had taken the trouble to provide an excuse. General TODLEBEN first explained the return of the troops by reference to certain petitions supposed to have proceeded from the Christian inhabitants; but the AMBASSADOR at Constantinople, taking no notice of the petitioning Christians, informs the Porte that the occupation will be continued until the Treaty of San Stefano, as far as it is not expressly abrogated by the Treaty of Berlin, is made definitive. At the same time the Russian journals announce that the comparatively unprofitable conquests of Russia in Central Asia had always been effected as means to the final acquisition of India. The establishment of Russian supremacy at Cabul is naturally represented as a new and decisive step to the attainment of the original object. Lord LAWRENCE and Lord GREY will not convince

their countrymen of the soundness of their opinions until they supply their strange omission of all mention of Russia in relation to Afghanistan. The connexion is sufficiently apparent to other writers whose authority to speak on Indian questions will not be disputed. Sir JAMES STEPHEN, and Sir BARTLE FREERE in an able and thoughtful letter written four years ago, but now first published, urge the necessity of preparing to meet the inevitable course of Russian aggrandizement in Asia, and in particular of preventing Afghanistan from falling under Russian influence.

It is not yet known whether Russia has secured the connivance or complicity of Austria in her recent policy. A short time ago the Russian papers insulted Austria almost as systematically as England; and it was hinted that the occupation of Bosnia might render necessary the retention of a large Russian force in Roumelia and Bulgaria; yet it is a suspicious circumstance that the Austrian Commissioner has refused to sign the report on the outrages perpetrated by the Russians and Bulgarians, nor is there any reason to believe that Count ANDRASSY has dissolved his close personal connexion with Prince BISMARCK. The Austrian Government has been for the moment relieved from embarrassment by the indiscreet Circular in which the Porte denounced the conduct of the army of occupation. Part of the force was Hungarian, and both in Hungary and in Austria the country is disposed to identify the honour of the army with its own. The Circular had the immediate effect of checking the agitation in Hungary against the war; and it seems possible that new Ministries favourable to Count ANDRASSY's policy may be formed both at Vienna and at Pesth. The war in Bosnia is now virtually over, and henceforth controversy on its expediency has no longer any practical object. On the whole, it may be conjectured that Russia has a close understanding with the Austrian party which projected and accomplished the annexation of Bosnia. On the other hand, Russian influence and Slavonic aggrandizement are odious and alarming to patriotic Hungarians. The soundness of their objections to the recent enterprise is already illustrated by an agitation in Croatia for the separation of that province from Hungary, and for its union with Bosnia. The scheme might perhaps not be altogether unacceptable to the Court of Vienna, for it would be easier to manage three equal States than two, especially as Croatia would always be inclined to oppose Hungary. The measure would nevertheless almost certainly produce the disruption of the monarchy. Bohemia and Galicia would also demand independence; and ultimately Austria, Illyria, and the Tyrol might be compelled, in self-defence, to seek union with Germany. The alliance of the three EMPERORS has been the main cause of the late war; and it offers a grave impediment to the establishment of peace. It is not altogether impossible that voluntary subordination to Russia may prove to have been the ruin of Austria.

CURRENT POLITICS.

MR. CROSS has been addressing his constituents in Lancashire, and, as usual, has made a moderate, sensible, and eminently cheerful speech. Lancashire is contented with the Ministry, and Mr. CROSS is more than contented with it, and therefore he thinks little fear need be entertained as to the feeling of the rest of England. No doubt the power of always seeing everything in a rosy light is a valuable aid to a Minister in the discharge of his daily duties. Whatever is difficult and disagreeable in his task is robbed of half its terrors when approached with a light heart and in a spirit of genial confidence. Mr. CROSS sees that everything is satisfactory everywhere. We have added new ships to our navy; but then in future we shall have fewer ships to buy. The Treaty of Berlin is not working as it was supposed to be going to work; but then well-instructed people like Mr. CROSS always knew that it could not work in any very efficient or prompt manner. Cyprus seems a rather questionable gain; but then the object of acquiring Cyprus was to establish there a sort of model farm, for the admiration of the world and the especial instruction of Turkey. The greater the difficulties to be overcome the more striking will be the lesson of success. Any farmer of moderate capacity can make something of good land in a healthy situation, but even the sluggish mind of a pasha may be supposed capable of being im-

pressed by the sight of heavy crops being raised out of a swamp. There is, indeed, what Mr. CROSS gently terms a shadow on the hills in the direction of Afghanistan; but the AMEER may perhaps show himself not quite so black as he has been painted, and then this shadow, too, will pass away. As for Asiatic Turkey, nothing can be more bright and beautiful than the prospect of England introducing order, peace, and prosperity into that unhappy region without being called on to spend a farthing in the process. Even the depression in English trade may be looked on as a blessing in disguise. It forces people to think of the causes of the distress which many workmen are enduring; and one of these causes is that workmen now consider things to be necessities which they used to consider luxuries. But this is precisely what Englishmen of all classes have been conspicuously doing in recent years. Our scale of living is too high; and, if we are wise, the present financial distress will lead us into the ways of simplicity and thrift, so that we shall all be happier and better for what we or others have to endure. In this, as in everything Mr. CROSS said, there is some truth; and it must be allowed that one great secret of making things come right is to take it as indisputable that they will come right. Difficulties are sometimes overcome by ignoring them, and though a Minister whose buoyancy is irrepressible may never become a great statesman, he may contribute a very useful and wholesome element to a Cabinet. It is impossible to conceive the late Sir ROBERT PEEL making at the present crisis such a speech as Mr. CROSS has just made in Lancashire; but, with his mixture of contagious cheerfulness and strong common sense, Mr. CROSS is a Home Secretary whose expulsion from office would be viewed, even by victorious Liberals, with a pang of regret.

On some of the special points which Mr. CROSS treated he was clearly in the right. On others he so spoke that his critics may reasonably differ from him. He examined the grounds on which it is alleged that the present Ministry has recklessly increased the national expenditure, and he brought to the notice of his hearers a few simple facts which those who make this allegation are apt to forget. A large part of the increase in expenditure is accounted for by the transfer of local to Imperial burdens. Englishmen only pay what they would have paid anyhow; but the man who collects it is a different person. At least this is theoretically true, and it would be true practically had not the local authorities amused themselves by increasing the rates they can levy; but this is not the fault of the Ministry, and is to be ascribed to that taste for high living which pervades all classes. Then another large part of the expenditure is to be set down to the requirements of a new and expensive system of education; and if the nation chose to have this system established, it must pay for it. In our extra war expenditure there is a large item for the unavoidable cost of carrying out the abolition of purchase in the army; and if purchase was to be abolished, its cost had to be paid even by a Ministry which disapproved of the whole proceeding. The rest of the extra expenditure is accounted for by the preparations for war; and that these preparations were wise and necessary is unquestionably the opinion of the present Parliament, and is or was the opinion of the majority of electors. Mr. CROSS also disposed with much success of the arguments which have been drawn from recent elections to show that a change has come over the spirit of the country, and that the Ministry and its policy are no longer in favour. Many minute calculations have lately been made as to the comparative successes of the two parties, and it appears to be admitted that the Liberals have gained two seats. Mr. CROSS was quite justified in saying that nothing could be more flattering to a Ministry than that, after four years of office, it should have given so little offence that only two seats have been won from it. In the present Parliament, too, the Ministerial majority has been very largely increased by the accession of those who used to be reckoned among its adversaries; and almost, if not quite, without exception the constituencies represented by these new allies have approved or condoned their defection. Whether at the next general election the Ministry will maintain their ground, and whether, if they still have a majority, it will not be a diminished majority, no one can pretend to tell. Mr. CROSS says that he has consulted the very best authorities, and they all tell him that the ardour of Conservatism is unquenched.

But experience has shown that the very best authorities always tell a Ministry that it is safe. There are no good authorities on the subject of a possible and distant election. No one can foresee what will be the issue on which the minds of thousands of capricious and irresponsible voters will turn. What adds to the inevitable feeling of uncertainty is that Mr. CROSS himself does not seem to catch the point of view of at least a large section of his opponents. He can only think of the issue between amending our institutions and upsetting them. If this were the only issue, there can be little doubt that the country would not show itself in favour of upsetting our institutions. The difference consists in the respective views of the two parties as to what is meant by amendment. In foreign politics, again, there is no real question as to the necessity or duty of fighting when war is unavoidable and just. But there are many Englishmen who believe, rightly or wrongly, that, if Lord GRANVILLE had been in office, there would never have been an invasion of Turkey by Russia, and that, if there had been in India a Viceroy courteous, discreet, and unsensational, there would not have been an Afghan difficulty. How far this opinion extends it is quite beyond the power of the best authorities to inform Mr. CROSS.

Just now one of the by-elections to which Mr. CROSS referred is going on. A most handsome supply of eagles is gathering over the carcass of Peterborough. Five competitors are contesting the seat of Mr. WHALLEY. There is one Conservative who is waiting to see whether he can make capital out of the dissensions of the Liberals, and there are four Liberals each of whom thinks himself the real man for the constituency. First there is Mr. RAPER, who stands because he was selected by the Liberal Association; and what is the good of being chosen by a Liberal Association if it does not give a right to count on the support of Liberals? Next there is Mr. M'IVER, who comes forward as the special champion of railway servants. Then there is Mr. GEORGE POTTER, who is the representative of working-men generally, and who has asked Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT to recommend him to the constituency. In vain was the net spread in the sight of those wary birds, and they had sufficient sense to decline to meddle in the local affairs of Peterborough. Lastly, there is Mr. FITZWILLIAM, who stands on the gentlemanly interest, and is evidently a very suitable Whig, if the electors will have a Whig at all. Whatever may be the result of such an election, it cannot possibly offer any indication of the feeling of the country generally. It will merely show what crotchet happens for the moment to be uppermost in the minds of electors of a small borough. All the Liberal candidates are opposed to the foreign policy of the Ministry; and it is conceded that, if the Conservatives were standing against a single Liberal, he would have no chance. Even with their divisions, the Liberals say that they are strong enough to return a Liberal of some sort, and so without injury to their party they can turn their minds to such a question as whether it is best to have a Liberal who loves railway workmen especially or a Liberal who loves all workmen impartially. To the Conservatives it would probably be a greater loss than gain if by some accident their candidate managed to creep in. It would strengthen the hands of Liberal Associations generally if so conspicuous an instance could be given of the evil results of defying their authority. But the division of the Peterborough Liberals at a by-election does not show that the same division would exist at a general election either at Peterborough or elsewhere. The necessity of combination is obviously much more pressing when there is a real hope that the decision in a borough may help to determine the policy of the country. In the present Parliament the successor of Mr. WHALLEY will be necessarily powerless.

THE HOME RULE SCHISMATICS.

THE Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain has announced its intention of holding an International Conference in Dublin. The modern word "International" has hitherto been applied to combinations or proceedings in which one or more nations were supposed to be concerned. The Paris Exhibition is in this sense International; and there have in former times been feeble attempts to interest other nations in treasonable Irish Leagues and Associations. Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN and his confederates

solicited aid from LAMARTINE, then French Foreign Minister, towards the establishment of an Irish Republic. A few years afterwards garrulous demagogues proposed to offer the Irish Crown to Marshal MACMAHON. American adventurers have frequently made Irish conspiracies international, as far as the intervention of foreign accomplices can justify the term. Since for the moment neither Frenchmen nor Americans are invited to take part in the International Conference, it may be inferred that the two nations are the Irish of Ireland and the Irish of Great Britain. It is true that for other purposes both communities affect not only alliance, but identity; yet, if they think fit to divide themselves into two for the purpose of afterwards uniting, it is not for strangers to criticize their amusements. A still more surprising peculiarity in the present movement is that the Irish Home Rule League rejects the overtures of the Anglo-Irish immigration. The meeting or conference, therefore, resembles an international gathering of one of the half-tribes of MANASSEH. Residents in Great Britain visit Dublin to remonstrate with their reluctant kinsmen who are not sufficiently energetic in their efforts to separate the two islands as far as political relations are concerned. To disinterested spectators it might seem that the residence in England and Scotland of a large Irish population afforded some justification of the existence of the United Kingdom. The institution of Home Rule would leave the Irish in Great Britain an isolated minority, which could scarcely complain if it were governed in accordance with the customs and interests of the prevailing race of aliens. The dull Saxon imagination is incapable of following the evolutions of Irish ingenuity. The malcontent Irish in England professedly restrict their patriotic feelings to the country of their origin, with which they accordingly propose to sever all connexion. More attached to Home Rule than those who have at least a home in Ireland to rule, they are impatient of Mr. BUTT's hesitation in the presence of insurmountable obstacles. Since the disclosure of the first tendencies to schism in the ranks of the Home Rule party, the agitators on this side of the water have uniformly supported the mutinous tendencies of Mr. PARNELL, Mr. BIGGAR, and Mr. O'DONNELL.

The real object of the Dublin Conference is probably to supersede Mr. BUTT in the guidance of the anti-English movement. Nearly all the Irish Home Rule members have been greatly irritated by the discredit which the half-dozen promoters of Parliamentary obstruction have brought upon their party; but at all mob meetings in large English towns turbulent majorities have applauded the policy of the PARNELLS and the BIGGARS. The partisans of the extreme faction now propose to appeal to the Irish rabble against their authorized leaders. It is not improbable that they may depose by a popular vote those members of the Home Rule League who still cultivate a certain amount of self-respect. In return for deference to their wishes, the demagogues from England offer to place the control of several English constituencies at the disposal of a new Home Rule League. According to one version of their project, twenty English boroughs are henceforth to be placed absolutely at the disposal of Mr. PARNELL. The balance of power in those boroughs is supposed to be held by the Irish electors, who are to take no cognizance either of public interests or of personal qualifications, but to vote as one man under the dictation of Mr. PARNELL. It may be hoped that in many places the avowal of an impudent conspiracy would defeat itself; but the enemies of England may be excused for estimating the patriotism of ordinary boroughs by the standard which applies to Newcastle-on-Tyne and its complaisant member. In other places a Liberal has found that connivance at the disruption of the United Kingdom was not a profitable speculation. The enjoyment of the franchise by large numbers of voters who openly profess their hostility to the country and its institutions is perhaps an unavoidable anomaly. The advocates of separation propose, when the two countries have become independent of one another, still to retain the power of controlling English elections for Irish purposes. The Irish population in Great Britain would continue to increase long after the institution of a Republic in Ireland.

A writer who has some official connexion with the Home Rule League has lately in a published letter expressed the opinion that the organization and its objects have become obsolete. The violent faction, affecting to agree in the conclusion, explains the failure of Home Rule by its unsatisfactory moderation. It is true that the only redeem-

ing element in Mr. BUTT's scheme was its utter impracticability. Sceptical minds have never been able to persuade themselves that an able politician can have seriously believed in the policy which he recommended to his adherents. Mr. BUTT proposed to place side by side two Parliaments respectively possessing strictly limited attributes, with the supplement of a joint Legislature confined in its turn to Imperial objects. The people of Great Britain were therefore invited in the first instance to reverse the fundamental principle of the Constitution by depriving Parliament of its sovereign omnipotence. The Imperial Parliament was to be a Congress; and there ought to have been a Supreme Court, as in the United States, to restrain the Parliament and the State Legislatures from reciprocal encroachments on one another's functions. Mr. BUTT's Irish Parliament was to be composed of a House of Lords and a House of Commons, although not a single Irish peer could be found to support Home Rule. It was quite certain that the Irish House of Commons, once constituted, would disregard any restrictions which might be imposed on its absolute power. The materials for agitation would not be in the smallest degree curtailed, for every measure passed by the Imperial Parliament and every act of the central Government would be loudly denounced as usurpation. An apology for the project could scarcely go further than to attempt to show that it was sufficiently plausible to delude Mr. BUTT; the proof that Home Rule according to his system was impossible could not be disturbed. The scheme which the obstructionist demagogues will present to the delegates from Great Britain will be more logical, as it will probably amount to immediate separation; but the Home Rule party would never have been formed if it had not been necessary to conciliate moderate men by a pretence of loyalty to the Crown and of regard for the English connexion. It is scarcely possible that, after half a century of remedial legislation and conciliatory administration, Irish disaffection should not show some signs of abatement.

While it is neither possible nor desirable to treat with respect International Conferences held by a section of a faction, it must be admitted that some English politicians strive hard to excel their Irish competitors in political dishonesty. The managers of the Liberal party have not unnaturally regretted the partial loss of Irish votes which they have incurred in the present Parliament. Repeated attempts have been made with imperfect success to renew the alliance, and fresh hopes are naturally suggested by the collapse of the Home Rule organization. Accordingly, Irish disaffection is conjured to assume a more practical form, by diverting its energies to the confiscation of landed property. Mr. BUTT has framed Bills, and he has written a book, with the object of reducing Irish landlords to the condition of extremely insecure annuitants on their own estates. The *Daily News* commends the Central Tenants' Defence Association for proposing to make fixity of tenure a test question at elections irrespectively of any other political subject. "If, by combined action and legitimate Parliamentary pressure, they think they can obtain further improvements in their condition, no one can blame them for trying. They know as well as anybody can tell them that they are just as likely to obtain further improvements in their tenure from the Parliament of the United Kingdom as they would be from a local Parliament composed largely of Irish landowners sitting in Dublin." The first vote of a Parliament of Irish landowners would be for the abolition of Home Rule. Nothing is more unlikely than that an Irish Parliament elected by tenants and other landless voters would be composed of landowners. There is perhaps some immorality in the proposition that, if any class can persuade Parliament to give them property belonging to others, no one can blame them for trying. The Liberal journal is only anxious to get the votes of Irish members, and in return it offers their constituents the estates of the Irish landlords. It may be doubted whether the Parliament of the United Kingdom will execute the contract. Attempts at spoliation are not yet so common that "no one can blame them for trying."

ELECTRICITY AND GAS.

THE panic which affects the market in gas shares is not unreasonable, though it is probably exaggerated. Early in last week an American newspaper correspondent published an account of a conversation in

which Mr. EDISON announced his discovery of a process by which electricity could be at once applied to the ordinary purposes of lighting. The tone and style of the communication would not have commanded confidence but for the name of Mr. EDISON. Yet it may perhaps be the habit of American inventors to employ flippant and familiar language; and there is no doubt that Mr. EDISON has a genius for scientific invention. Both in America and in Europe electricians have long been engaged in devising contrivances for distributing electric light so as to make it as manageable as it is brilliant. Mr. EDISON, if his statement is accurately reported, declares that they have all been searching in a wrong direction, and that his own discovery will cause surprise both by its simplicity and by the unexpected nature of the course which has been followed. Several men of science, possessing special knowledge of the subject, have since published their reasons for doubting whether electricity will immediately or entirely supersede gas; but Mr. EDISON must have fully considered the practical question, inasmuch as he proposes, as soon as he has secured himself by the necessary patents, to undertake the lighting of a large part of the city of New York. The cost of the operation is to be trifling, and the light is to be greatly superior to that of gas. Mr. EDISON, if he is not too sanguine, and if his interlocutor has not drawn on his own imagination, will undoubtedly have conferred a great benefit on the world; for the fanciful objection that men will have to work harder or longer when night is permanently turned into day, though perhaps not altogether fallacious, can scarcely counterbalance great and obvious convenience. With almost superfluous liberality Mr. EDISON proposes to add to the gift of light many other valuable results of electrical power. In course of time, the same current will illuminate the dwelling and do all the household work. The arrangement of the details will be a mere recreation to Mr. EDISON.

One incidental consequence of the supposed improvement will be widespread ruin and distress. Although newspaper writers frequently denounce joint-stock Companies as if they were gigantic capitalists far removed from human sympathies, their constituents are numerous, personally insignificant, and in too many instances needy. The immediate substitution of electricity for gas, though it will certainly take place if Mr. EDISON's discovery proves to be authentic and complete, will be to one class of the community as severe a disaster as the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank to another. Hundreds of families will be instantaneously reduced from competence to want, while other investors will lose more or less considerable portions of their incomes. A correspondent of the *Times*, using the signature of "A Parliamentary Lawyer," attempted to console shareholders by the suggestion that the Gas Companies might acquire the ownership of the new invention, and earn dividends by supplying the new commodity in place of the old. The objection that they have no legal powers to deal in any article but gas might perhaps be overcome, for Parliament would probably regard with indulgence the claim of industrial associations which had found their trade suddenly and unexpectedly destroyed. A graver difficulty consists in the total difference between the two kinds of undertaking. The patentees of the electric light could not be compelled to sell their invention to the Gas Companies; and, even if it were possible to acquire a monopoly by voluntary purchase, the fixed capital of the Companies would have become useless, and new funds must be provided for the electrical machinery. It is of course possible that mains, pipes, and spaces of land might be made useful for the new undertaking, but the income earned by the Companies would have finally disappeared. It may be true that the total benefit to consumers will be as great as the loss to the producers, and even greater; but, unfortunately, bankruptcy and beggary are more keenly felt than additional brightness of illumination or even than a reduction of rates.

The magnitude of the evil, if suffering may be considered an evil, is not trifling. There are perhaps four hundred Gas Companies in England, most of them constituted under the Joint-Stock Companies Acts, and many of them holding but a small capital. In provincial towns the shares are almost always held by local proprietors, and probably they are to a considerable extent purchased out of moderate savings; but in course of time the ownership is transferred by inheritance or by will, and widows and

minors become largely interested in the local stock. Many Companies in large towns have, fortunately for themselves, within the last five or six years sold their undertakings to the Corporations or Local Boards. The property was regarded as so secure and so valuable that it has been usual in the purchase to add a premium of 20 or 25 per cent. to the maximum dividend. Although the Companies possessed no legal monopoly, it was seldom possible for rival projectors to compete, with the disadvantage of laying down new and superfluous distributive apparatus. The Corporations could not apply their funds to the establishment of competitive works without Parliamentary sanction, which would never have been granted except on condition of buying up the property of the Companies. Non-Parliamentary Companies in a certain sense only exist by sufferance, for they can be prohibited from breaking up the streets either by the road authorities or by the adjacent owners of the soil. They consequently often apply to Parliament for incorporation, at the cost of subjecting themselves to the provisions of the Gas Clauses Acts, including a limitation of their maximum dividends. For some years past new Gas Companies—and all Companies in respect of newly authorized capital—have been restricted to a dividend of 7 per cent. Two years ago it was provided by Standing Orders of both Houses that, except in special circumstances to be reported in each case by the Committee, new capital should be issued by auction, the premiums, if any, to be added to the capital, but not to bear dividend. In other words, the necessary outlay was to be made at cost price for the benefit of the consumers. It apparently mattered little whether the nominal return of stock issued by auction was 5, 7, or 10 per cent. Purchasers who have perhaps given 2,000*l.* for an annuity of 80*l.* may, if Mr. EDISON'S invention is genuine, find that their investment has become absolutely worthless.

There are in London seven or eight Gas Companies with a capital of as many millions. The actual value only two years ago was nearly double the nominal amount. The stock of the Gas Light and Coke Company alone was perhaps worth ten millions. It is impossible to say in what fractions it may be distributed among the shareholders; but, as Insurance Companies and similar bodies are not in the habit of placing their funds in gas shares, while trustees, except with positive authority, are also precluded from gas investments, the great bulk is probably divided in moderate amounts among private owners. Ten or twelve years ago certain projects of the Metropolitan Board of Works and the City Corporation caused so much alarm among gas proprietors as to reduce the value of 7 per cent. stock to par. Since that time the full dividends have been regularly paid, and there was reason to think the income tolerably secure, except in the contingency of an unusual dearth of coal. Under the provisions of the last Metropolitan Gas Act the dividends are to be reduced in a certain ratio to the increase of price over a certain standard. On the other hand, the dividend will be raised when there is a reduction of price. Some of the Companies have already paid a dividend in excess of their former statutable limit; and there was reason to suppose that the price would be generally reduced. The South Metropolitan Company, having a small nominal capital in proportion to its income, already supplies gas of sixteen candles at three shillings per thousand cubic feet. The ordinary price throughout the metropolis may be taken at 3*s.* 6*d.* Mr. REED, in calculating the respective cost of gas and of electricity, made the odd mistake of taking the actual price at 7*s.* 2*d.* If the calculations attributed to Mr. EDISON are correct, the cheapness of the new light will render competition impossible. It is now too late for Gas Companies to hope to sell their property to Corporations. Some of them have reason deeply to regret their opposition to Bills for compulsory purchase. No confident advice can be given to proprietors who doubt whether they shall part with their stock. Those who have their whole means of subsistence at stake will probably do well to acquiesce at once in a limited sacrifice. On the other hand, a contradiction of the statements as to Mr. EDISON'S discovery would cause a rapid rebound. It may be hoped that scientific men in England will publish as soon and as fully as possible their conclusions on the probability of an immediate and general introduction of electric lighting. The sudden oscillations of the market have already done much mischief.

THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

THE Church militant has lost in the Bishop of ORLEANS its foremost and most typical champion. Mgr. DUPANLOUP has for at least thirty years been always fighting some one, and in the last few years of an eventful life he has been fighting very hard indeed. From the end of the war with Germany to the end of last year he was the soul of the opposition to M. THIERS, and to those with whom M. THIERS acted. At last he was beaten. France chose to go against him, and with his enemies. But his courage, his dexterity, and the depth of his convictions, were rewarded with a large measure and a long duration of success. He got M. THIERS out of his way, he guided the MARSHAL, he all but evolved a new monarchy out of the fusion, he upset the Ministry of M. JULES SIMON, he presided over the bold and unscrupulous attempt of the Duke of BROGLIE and M. DE FOURTOU to terrify and cajole France into acquiescence in the supremacy of the Party of Order. It is true that his successes were all failures. M. THIERS only acquired a new hold on the country by his forced retirement from office, the MARSHAL came to be looked on as a weak-minded partisan, the follies and quarrels of the monarchists made a monarchy impossible, the discourteous dismissal of M. JULES SIMON excited indignation rather than alarm, and Frenchmen even under the tyranny of the DE BROGLIE Ministry had enough courage to hold fast to freedom. But the BISHOP fought a very good fight, and fought it with a very great party at his back. His firm belief was that France could only be happy and strong if guided by the teaching and restrained by the discipline of the Church. What he truly hated was the modern spirit. He thought the thoughts, if he had too much literary ability to use the language, of the Syllabus. The hold which this manner of viewing human life has over France is very great, although in France as elsewhere those who entertain it may be divided into those who think it true and those who think it useful. The Bishop of ORLEANS was quite ready to work with both sections of his supporters. His early history had connected him by ties of personal intimacy with both branches of the BOURBOIS, and his relations with the Imperial Court were never very cordial. But when it became evident that the Imperialists were gaining the ground which the Legitimists and Orleanists were losing, he was quite ready to support and push forward the Ministry of the Duke of BROGLIE, which was obviously a step to the Empire if it was to be a step to anything. With a Legitimist Monarchy, if established, he would have merely to advise or dictate; with Imperialism he would have to bargain; and if the first state of things would have been the more desirable, the second was far better than nothing. The reason why Imperialism waxed strong and Monarchism grew weak, as years passed over the heads of an Assembly in which at first only six Bonapartists could get seats, was that in the Party of Order there are more men who are ready to bargain with the Church than there are men who are ready to obey it. The Republicans were no more ready to obey it than they were ready to obey the writs of an English court, and they repudiated the very notion of bargaining with it. All they would do, if they could be kept at their highest point of moderation, was to recognize and restrain it. The Bishop of ORLEANS, therefore, from his point of view, was quite right in detesting the Republic, not as a form of government, but as an adversary of the Church; and, considering the wealth, the influence, and the numbers of the party in France which desires either to be on the side of the Church or to have the Church on its side, and the singular succession of favourable chances which fortune threw in his way, the BISHOP, conscious how much his own ability and reputation could advance the cause he had at heart, might have reasonably expected to die in the glory of success, and not in the discouragement of repeated and signal failures.

So far, however, the career of the Bishop of ORLEANS was much the same as that of any other high ecclesiastic who seeks and achieves political importance. But Mgr. DUPANLOUP was not at all like any ordinary ecclesiastic who works in the paths in which the interests of the Church are usually supposed to be advanced. It was because he had peculiar gifts, a peculiar character, and took a peculiar line of his own, that he won more than an ecclesiastical reputation. He was always Mgr. DUPANLOUP, and never any one else. His reputation as a preacher and a speaker

was high, but it was as a writer that he chiefly commanded an attention which not even his adversaries could refuse him. He was always attacking some one, and he invariably flew at high game. He had his fling at M. ABOUT when the misgovernment of the Papal States was the chosen theme of M. ABOUT's wit. He quarrelled with and inveighed against M. JULES SIMON and M. RENAN when they in their turn offended him. He discontinued his attendance at the Academy rather than sit in the company of M. LITTRÉ. He was always ready to take a part in every controversy, and he defended the study of the classics with as much warmth and vigour as if the classics were the basis of order in France. He was impatient even of the dictation of his friends, and he was one of the stoutest opponents of the declaration of Papal Infallibility, until his opposition proved useless; and then his duty called him, as he thought, to submit. But he never could win the approbation of M. VEUILLOT, who always treated him as an outsider, of an unruly and troublesome kind, who did not understand the real secrets of Ultramontanism. By way of putting the BISHOP down neatly, M. VEUILLOT always asserted that Mgr. DUPANLOUP wrote execrable French; and, as the BISHOP was by birth a Savoyard, he could not prove that he could write good French; for all French except that of Frenchmen is questioned in France, and even among Frenchmen few are allowed by general consent to write quite accurately. But the BISHOP was no more to be crushed by M. VEUILLOT than by any one else, and enjoyed rather than tolerated the abuse of the *Univers*. It was, in short, his independence and the vigour of his sallies and his power of hitting all round that made him conspicuous. In one way, therefore, he was an accident. The modern training of the Church of Rome tends as little as possible to make its prelates of the type of the Bishop of ORLEANS; and he was never in favour with the highest authorities of the Church which he strove so zealously, after his own fashion, to serve. It may even be doubted whether the Church party in France will much mourn his loss. He was, no doubt, a useful and powerful ally; but he was an independent ally, and independent allies are naturally not much to its taste.

The Bishop happened to die almost at the very time when M. GAMBETTA, who is the impersonation of everything he most detested, was receiving a welcome and making one of his speeches at Grenoble. The welcome was more than enthusiastic. It was ecstatic. It seemed as if the whole town had grown wild in the delight of receiving the chief and hero of the Republican party and of praising him to the skies. M. GAMBETTA was overwhelmed by the exuberance of his hosts, and wisely said that such a reception was too much for him, and must be set down to the credit of the Republic and not of any one Republican. What he had to say on current politics did not amount to much more than that those who think with him must not relax their efforts for a moment, and must not count their victory as sure until it is won. He himself calculates that the elections in January will give the Republicans a majority of twenty in the Senate; but so great a victory can only be secured if every one who wishes for it strains every nerve to secure it. Not being encumbered with the cares of administration, M. GAMBETTA can always direct the thoughts of his hearers to large and remote issues. He conveniently omits the smaller things of the day. He neither attacks nor praises the MARSHAL, and treats him rather as non-existent than as a cause of anxiety or confidence. He does not seem to notice either the efforts or the backslidings of the Ministry. It is the cause to which he is attached that suffices for him and his audience. He denounces generally, with unsparing vigour and with an accumulation of the derisive epithets to which Frenchmen are prone, all those who are hostile to his cause. To him they seem unutterably foolish, and it was permissible to describe them to the enthusiasts of Grenoble as powerless. But he is well aware that they are not powerless; and, when he came to giving practical advice, he had to urge that the only way of reducing them to impotence was to recognize their power and strive earnestly to overcome it. Stated briefly, his cause may be said to be the overthrow of everything for which the Bishop of ORLEANS contended. The basis of the Republican party is that France would be made weak and miserable, not strong and happy, by submitting to the teaching and discipline of the Church. There is no possibility of any compromise on this head, and the BISHOP was quite right in

regarding the Republic as an irreconcilable enemy. M. GAMBETTA protested at Grenoble that the often repeated assertion that the Republic was opposed to religion was false. He was quite right, if by religion is meant that quiet people are to go to their parish church, and that the priest, in and out of church, is only to speak to them of religious matters. But this is not in the least what the Bishop of ORLEANS meant by submission to the teaching and guidance of the Church. He meant that the congregations should think as the priest thinks, and act as he directs them. That this great ideal should be attained was the one object of all his endeavours; and, if he failed on the whole, it is not to be supposed that he failed altogether. The Church is a real force in France; and, although the notion that it will ever govern France again in the way in which it governed it before the Revolution may be an idle dream, the contest between those who would keep it within strict bounds and those who would bargain with it is by no means as yet fought out.

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS.

WE are still in a period of anxiety and preparation, but the crisis has not become intense. On Monday afternoon the Bank of England raised its rate of discount to six per cent. The step was not taken a moment too soon, for, in the present state of feeling, a further reduction in the ultimate reserve of the country required to be guarded against promptly and energetically. Ever since the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank the other Scotch banks have been taking precautions against panic. Their decision to cash the Glasgow notes was a wise and prudent one, but it increased their own liabilities. If the holders of those notes should be content to take in exchange the paper of the other banks, these latter would have to increase their own issues, and to the same extent to increase the amount of bullion held by them, as any addition to the note circulation must be covered by gold. If, on the contrary, actual coin was demanded, the stock of the precious metals had equally to be increased. So, again, the arrangement for accommodating depositors in the Glasgow establishment imposed on the other banks an obligation to be prepared to discharge promptly their augmented liabilities. Lastly, the danger that some unforeseen contingency might generate the panic which so far has happily been avoided made it incumbent on the Scotch banks to strengthen their reserves to a point that would give assured confidence to the public. Accordingly they have been withdrawing gold in large amounts from London. At this season there is always a drain of gold to the country, caused by what the Americans call "the movement of the crops," and by the buying in by graziers of stock for the coming agricultural year. But this month the drain has been far larger than usual, the exceptional circumstances of the Scotch banks, as we have said, compelling them to increase their stock of bullion beyond the ordinary proportion. Last week's Bank of England return showed this very clearly; and, as the withdrawals went on at an accelerated rate during the two or three days immediately following the publication of the return, it was plainly time to act, if the London market was not to be exposed to the risk of serious disturbance.

The conduct of the London joint-stock banks tended to the same result. In ordinary times, as we have frequently had occasion to remark, they do not keep adequate balances at the Bank of England. They lend out the deposits entrusted to them almost to the last farthing, and leave to the Bank of England the care of the reserve. The failure of the Glasgow concern found them in this position. Rumours got afloat that some of them had participated in the practices which produced that catastrophe, and had suffered in consequence, and suspicions were aroused which warned the banks that they must provide for their safety. They have done so energetically, but, we must add, clumsily and imprudently. Perhaps this is the necessary result of their previous want of preparation. They drew in the money out at call, or on short loans with bill brokers and others, and they refused advances to their ordinary customers. By these movements they increased their resources—immediately by the first, and prospectively by the second, by allowing time for bills discounted and advances made to fall in. But, at the same time, they placed their customers in a very awkward dilemma. The latter had become accustomed to look to their bankers for

the accommodation they required, and they found it refused suddenly and without warning at a moment of almost universal discredit. Further, by calling in money from the bill brokers the banks disabled them from making the advances which they themselves refused. Thus the banks, in their haste to take care of themselves, risked bringing about a general collapse. It might be quite right to restrict the system of accommodation carried on by them, and we are inclined to think that it is, especially in respect to loans to speculative dealers on the Stock Exchange. But the change ought to be made deliberately; full notice ought to be given to customers; and, above all, a quiet time ought to be chosen for its introduction. In a crisis like the present, the rule which should be followed by the banks is plain enough. They should sternly reject the applications of doubtful houses, but should lend freely on really good security.

The first result of the course taken by the banks was to drive all persons in need of accommodation to the Bank of England, and to give that establishment complete control of the market. In itself, this was advantageous to the Bank as a commercial institution; but, coupled with the drain of gold to the country and the requirements of the Scotch banks, it tended to reduce the reserve to a dangerously low level. A new peril, too, arose. We are now within ten weeks of the date when the American Resumption Act comes into force. Hitherto the United States Treasury has not needed to take bullion hence; but a large balance is due from England to America, and last week the exchange fell to a point which admitted of the profitable exportation of gold. The Bank of England had thus to contemplate the possibility of a drain of bullion to New York. At first it tried the effect of raising the price of American eagles and French twenty-franc pieces, but, not finding that answer, on Monday it raised the rate of discount. The immediate result was considerable, for gold began to arrive in considerable quantities; yet we doubt whether the Bank ought to have stopped where it did. The Bank of France, in order to protect its own stock of bullion, at once followed the example of the Bank of England, and raised its own rate. The Bank of England might perhaps have done better if on Thursday it had gone up to seven per cent. The reserve had then fallen to little more than eight and a half millions, being a decrease in the week of almost seventeen hundred thousand pounds; and such a reserve is hardly sufficient for a time of crisis. In the meantime there can be no question that the measure adopted by the Bank was necessary. The rates charged both for discount and advances help to check unnecessary demands for accommodation. People who do not really need to borrow, but only desire to strengthen themselves against imaginary dangers, will hesitate to pay six per cent. on unexceptionable security. Those, on the contrary, who do require help, and are in a position to deserve it, will not think such terms onerous. For every reason it is desirable to check needless applications for advances. They tend to spread and intensify a spirit of apprehension, and they give ground for reports which unsettle and alarm men's minds. It is to be hoped that the other banks will aid the Bank of England in its efforts to restore confidence. It is quite right that they should take every reasonable precaution to insure their own safety. Recklessness on their part just now, or misapprehension of the gravity of the crisis through which we are passing, might have the most serious consequences. But, as we have already pointed out, selfish disregard of every interest but their own is not the way to protect even themselves. They are but one link in the chain of credit which holds the business community together, and if they were to provoke a general collapse of confidence, it might react upon themselves in a disastrous manner.

The precautions deemed necessary by the banks afford evidence of the gravity of the apprehensions that continue to prevail. We remarked last week that the full consequences of the Glasgow failure would probably not manifest themselves for some time. Houses really insolvent might struggle on for a while; and those which they in their turn brought down would hold on still longer. The course of events has verified our anticipations. On Saturday there was a serious stoppage in Manchester, which has been followed by others. In Glasgow there have been considerable suspensions. And the Stock Exchange settlement has also been attended by failures. Some of these are plainly the effect of the City of Glasgow catastrophe. Others have

no immediate connexion with it, but still are brought about by the crisis. There is nothing surprising in the fact that there should be difficulties in the Eastern trade. The depreciation of silver is a fall of that metal in relation to gold, but has not affected the purchasing power of silver in India; consequently European exporters suffer an effective reduction of price equal to the amount of the depreciation—a reduction which in most cases swallows up all profit, and in not a few inflicts ruinous loss. The terrible famines which have afflicted the East aggravate the mischief by diminishing the consuming power of the population. It is not wonderful that many traders should be unable to bear their losses, and should succumb to the first shaking of credit. Difficulties are also to be anticipated in the iron trade. It was the first trade that experienced depression; and others are equally suffering. On the Stock Exchange, again, during the period of cheap money, the vicious practice of speculating in stock which the buyers were only able to pay for by pawning it with the banks attained very large proportions. When the banks have suddenly refused to lend, it was to be expected that some dealers should be unable to meet their engagements. The difficulties which have been experienced so far, therefore, are such as might have been anticipated on the first shock to credit. There would be no cause for alarm even if failures of the same kind were to continue for some time longer. They would simply clear the air and relieve trade from its encumbrances. But it is to be hoped that there are in store for us no further revelations of such reckless malpractices as the Glasgow disaster disclosed.

THE LIVERPOOL PANIC.

THE disaster which took place at Liverpool on Friday evening, the 11th instant, was sad, and is humiliating. Thirty-seven persons were killed in a panic rush from a crowded Music Hall, and a multitude of others were more or less severely injured. Such an event is a dismal addition to the calamities of a season already abundant in public disasters; but, horrible as it is, we cannot say that horror is the only, or even the chief, feeling that strikes us as befitting the occasion. There is at least equal cause for shame and indignation at the selfish pusillanimity to which it testifies. A cry of "Fire!" is said to have been raised. No clear evidence has been produced that even this poor excuse can be made for the panic which seized on some thousands of people. Whether an alarm of "Fire!" was given or not, nothing can be more certain than that the fugitives who met their death at the foot of the Colosseum staircase threw away their lives in a senseless fright. There was not the slightest danger, or reasonable show of danger, and the merest common sense might have told them that, even if there was danger, they had ample time to retreat from it. The thirty-seven deaths were entirely gratuitous. Had this, however, been all, had these victims of a mere delusion represented in fair proportions of sex and age the ordinary audience of a Liverpool music hall, there would have been little more to say. But as we look down the catalogue of the sufferers we observe a significant similarity in the descriptions of the thirty-seven. One man was as much as fifty years old, and the names of a couple of young women are chronicled in the dismal census; but the rest are all described as young men varying from about twenty to thirty years of age—that is to say, in the prime of youthful vigour—and whose appearance is stated to have indicated strength and activity. Their vigour, in fact, gave them the start in the race which ended in death. They reached the fatal barrier first, only to be overtaken and crushed to death by their brethren of the mob whom their flight had terrified.

It is a disagreeable reflection that no thought appears to have suggested itself to these scared youths that, if there were danger, it might be their business to confront it. Women and children were present by hundreds or thousands, yet stalwart men in the very flower of early manhood bestowed not an instant's thought on the peril of their helpless companions. The precipitancy of their own flight implied a sense of some tremendous risk, which affected others as well as themselves, but their sole thought was that they, at all events, would not share it. Other panics there have been where a cry, real or fictitious, of fire, or of falling galleries, has been raised. Mr. SPURGEON'S

congregation once succumbed to a similar alarm. But on other occasions women and children have contributed their full proportion to the tale of slain. We rejoice to say that we can recollect no previous instance in which the youth and manhood of the sufferers bear cruel witness to their selfishness. Men who steal a ship's boat, and leave women and children to perish with the wreck, are justly held up to public shame. It is no less dastardly, on an alarm of fire by land, for the strong to use their strength to escape first without giving a glance behind for the weak. A certain class of Liverpool men have earned an unhappy reputation for a habit of kicking to death passers-by whom they have chanced to encounter in their hours of mirth; and we are now reminded that cowardice and ruffianism are very nearly related in their origin. Both alike arise from an incapacity for understanding that the world has other interests besides one's own. The faintest glimmer of an instinct that others have a right to be considered as well as the man himself would prevent a panic of this sort from ever gaining the upper hand. Even when the terror was at its height at the Colosseum Music Hall a few bystanders seem to have been able to stem the torrent. But these men who placed themselves between the living and the dead appear not to have belonged to the music-hall audience, but to have been recruited by the police from among the throng that the rumour of the disaster attracted. As for the crowd from the Colosseum, it never paused in its desperate efforts to stifle itself. It came down in its thousands to swell the heap of corpses at the blocked doors. In the meantime, in the hall above there was, and had been from the first, absolute security. At any moment a pause of recollection that self should not be any man's sole subject of anxiety would have been rewarded by the instant discovery that there was nothing to be anxious about. At any moment a score or two of resolute men who knew that there was no real ground for terror might in all probability have brought the whole helplessly struggling mass to a standstill. The idea that a human being has any duty to his neighbours does not appear to have flashed across the mind of a single man in the whole four or five thousand.

A crowd has a prescriptive right to be stupid; and it can in mere gaiety of heart do very cruel acts. But abject cowardice is a still more unpleasant characteristic, though it is, we should hope, not equally common. A main object at which civilization and education are supposed to aim is the reconciliation of individual freedom with the obligations of corporate existence. The result should be a sense of personal responsibility for the well-being of others. Men nowhere learn this lesson very accurately, but the lower sections of the population of Liverpool appear not to be aware that there is such a lesson to be learned. How they are to learn it in their actual circumstances it would be hard to say. The public opinion of the town never penetrates to them, and the substitute for public opinion which they have among themselves is not sturdy enough to bear the ordeal of a struggle for life. There can have been neither self-respect nor respect for the opinion of others among persons whose solitary idea at a moment of what they fancied to be supreme danger was their own security. Nor was it likely that these thirty-seven should imagine there was something worth caring for beyond themselves, when the class to which they belong in Liverpool seems to regard the course they adopted as unfortunate, but in no way unjustifiable or shameful. The utter unreasonableness of the panic is acknowledged. All who were present in the building are now aware that they exposed themselves to a very real and terrible danger in the desire to avoid a phantom. Their outside critics in their own station comment freely on the causelessness and folly of the terror which overpowered them. No one, however, appears to be surprised that each looked after himself, and after none besides. Parents, for all that we are told, may have endeavoured to rescue their children, and husbands their wives, from the vision which they conjured up of sudden death; but there is nothing in the accounts to suggest this. There is no proof of any emotion on the part of the throng except a blind craving to disgorge itself by the doors, or, if not by the doors, by the windows. That a window was a dozen feet from the pavement instead of a hundred was a lucky accident. If others could save themselves by the means which one man had discovered, he had

no objection, so long as their security did not endanger his own. But no shadow of evidence has been produced that an intelligent desire manifested itself in any person of the whole multitude to do the best he could for his neighbours. Happily the narratives of fires at sea show that even the most terrible of dangers does not necessarily incapacitate Englishmen for looking outside themselves and their own chances of life. In the case of the *Princess Alice* there are abundant instances recorded of courageous and effectual thought for the preservation of others. We hope that this Liverpool disaster will long remain a solitary instance of the sacrifice of young and strong men to a selfish eagerness to snatch safety for themselves out of a common peril. But, so far as appears, the temper of which they have been the victims is the temper of a whole section of the population. The calamity at the Colosseum Music Hall is a melancholy display of popular absence of self-control, only intensified by a passionate and all-absorbing self-interest.

SOCIAL HYPOCRITES.

MORALISTS are fond of vaguely advising people to "be themselves," and of assuring them that all is well so long as a man dares to be to his own self true. The value of this counsel, of course, entirely depends on the sort of self with which each person happens to be endowed. Socrates, who knew a good deal about his own character, asserted that, if he had been true to himself, he would have been one of the greatest scoundrels of an age peculiarly fertile in unredeemed blackguards. He would have danced a *pas de deux* with Hyperbolus on the comic stage, instead of figuring as a well-meaning but nebulous professor in a basket. Many people must have the same sort of knowledge of themselves, though they may not be as free-spoken as Socrates. Many a fast freshman, many a noisy subaltern, knows in his inmost heart that he would rather "make hay" in Arcadia than in his friends' rooms; that he would rather sketch than ride a screw in a steeplechase; and that his true self takes more pleasure in the society of his maiden aunts than in that of sporting prophets. He feigns to be what he is not, in the hope that perhaps some day he may really become the sort of character that he admires and imitates. Men of this kind are social hypocrites, and the world is full of them.

The hypocrite is not a popular character; but Heaven forbid that we should judge him harshly. Take him at his worst, take Tartuffe or Uriah Heep, and you find a man who has at least a vision of virtue, and who may be supposed to have put himself in training for virtuous courses. Why should he not become "subdued to that he works in," and, by constant practice, catch the trick of righteousness? Probably there is some reason in the nature of things which works against this happy result of a hypocritical career. The sort of "eminent Christian" who robs widows' houses (as the Free Church ministers complain when preaching about the City of Glasgow Bank and its directors) generally breaks down before the close of his beneficent career. Few lies live to old age, and the lie of hypocrisy is apt to be discovered just when discovery is least convenient. The practice of the virtues somehow does not become a habit of the proper and ethical sort. One may doubt whether the practice of the conduct which is socially acceptable becomes more truly the second nature of the social hypocrite. Is he ever quite at his ease in his disguise? However that may be, his failures are not so disastrous and so conspicuous as those of eminent Christian bank directors.

The most notoriously offensive social hypocrite is, to our minds, the man of sham geniality. Concerning even a real genuine "genial man" it may be plausibly urged that he is often intolerable, as he is almost always tolerant. He insists on calling people "good fellows," "excellent fellows," whom you know by instinct to be pestilent creatures, narrow, conceited, and envious. By a peculiarity of vision which must make life very enjoyable, the genial man is blind to these things, and no doubt he is the happier for his blindness. But that does not make him any the better companion to people of lower animal spirits, people who are not always in the very pink of mental, moral, and physical condition. On the whole, however, people of thoroughly healthy minds and bodies seem to be the majority in this world—a thought which should be a great comfort to the philosopher who takes wide views—because we do find genial people decidedly popular. Hence the temptation to be a *faux bonhomme*, which naturally besets men of a certain weight and physical conformation who are not naturally genial. A man can hardly be genial under twelve stone; but it is not desirable that all persons who scale over that weight and are florid and unctuous should try to be genial. The result of their efforts is the existence of the most annoying sort of social hypocrite, the man who slaps backs out of malice aforethought, sits up late and drinks toddy when he would be in bed if he listened to what the inner spirit sings, and who gives an exuberant welcome to people whom he heartily wishes never to see. A great many doctors, and a great many lawyers, with a sprinkling of the ministry of our Dissenting brethren, are falsely

genial. It would be interesting to know whether they are aware that they impose on but few persons, while they inspire the rest of the world with a wild desire to rush on them, to rumple their shirt fronts, tear their broad-cloth, and beat them on the nose. They would be much less unpleasant if they were frankly bearish—if they were, in fact, their own disagreeable selves. They are execrable imitations of a type which less than most endures to be imitated. It is agreeable to believe that they are generally mistrusted, that they are always on the point of being found out, and that they compensate themselves for the open exercise of a brusque yet oily courtesy and good-will in public by bullying their families at home.

The sham man of the world is another most uncomfortable and uneasy social hypocrite. The poor wretch has a little taste perhaps and some literary ability; he took a very fair degree at college (where he posed as a hunting-man and a player of loo); he is not unsuccessful as a scholar, a professor, a writer, a popular preacher. What he does naturally—namely, his work—he does well enough; what he does detestably is the thing that is not natural to him—his play. The late ingenious Lord Byron, if we are to believe Leigh Hunt and Mr. Trelawny, was the very crown and flower of this class of social hypocrite. His great natural gifts as a man of the world, his strength, his beauty, his wit, his success with women, were alloyed and impaired by his even more extraordinary poetic powers. The two sides of his nature clashed and made him miserable, and he always preferred and longed for the trivial fame of a man like Luttrell. The common man of letters who wishes to seem a man of the world is probably, with his limited power of feeling, not much happier than Byron. He never can be persuaded that, if he were not a man of letters, he would be nothing. He is always craving for the reputation of the *roué* or the deer-stalker, of the *shekarri* or the athlete. It is not his Latin prose (which is not so bad) that he plumes himself on, but his riding; and he rides like a sack of potatoes. He knows a number of things; but he will talk about the things he does not know, such as jockeys, weights, and handicaps. He tries to be the fit companion of young military men; and, when he writes, he mentions "pedants" and "bookworms" as if he were not himself a member of the brotherhood. He is the pedant of fly-fishing, the prig of cricketing or boating shop. Every one is a "pedant" in his eyes who writes about distant times in a tone that is not rollicking, and who writes correctly where he writes at random. If the contempt of scholars, the amusement of men of the world, and the admiration of people who are neither the one nor the other is a desirable reward, the sham man of the world does not lack his guerdon. He is most offensive, perhaps, when, being a popular preacher by his trade, he haunts billiard-rooms, and tries to win a reputation for his knowledge of risky stories. Bad as are the ignoramus who affects knowledge and the vulgar man who affects distinction, the shamefaced braggart scholar escaped from his cloister into mess-rooms and drawing-rooms is even more distasteful.

The refined men who pretend to a healthy, blustering quality are comparatively innocent impostors. Nature urging them to speak softly and to walk delicately, they must needs strut and shout for fear of being thought effeminate. They hold vague opinions, and vaguely believe in their casual creeds; but to hear them talk, or to read their writings, you would suppose them all to be Cromwells or Knoxes. Mr. Carlyle has much to answer for in regard to this class of humbugs. They are always saying that "the ratepayers will have Lord Lytton's head," or whatever head may be in question, and giving the world to understand that they are on the side of the bloodthirsty ratepayers. They long for rebellions in distant colonies that they may preach the virtues of flogging, of tar-caps, and of military executions. To tell the truth, they could not endure the sight of blood, and their hearts are as tender and womanish (if women's hearts are tender) as their theological opinions are casual and undetermined. Yet, when they treat of the past of theology, or the present restoration of St. Albans, they speak as if they were convinced Calvinists or "hard-shell" Puritans, as if the stool of Jenny Geddes lay ever ready to be thrown at the first representative of "black prelate" who comes within shot. These deluded persons have a feminine admiration of brute force. Some of them adore Cromwell and others Robespierre, while the charms of that conqueror Henry VIII. still prevail over the lady-like minds of others. The result is to be found in the insincere noise of much modern rhetoric which is poured from a dozen various pulpits. The fires of Smithfield would be nothing to the conflagrations of to-day if all the pseudo-strong-minded writers had a period of power, and did not run away and hide when their chance came.

The distrust of self, a fine and engaging diffidence, seems to be the motive of most social hypocrites. The sham genial man and the sham man of the world no doubt hope to gain something, some commercial or social reward, by their travesty. The others whom we have described find a dubious recompense in the power of occasionally believing that they really are what they try to seem—bluff, brutal, overbearing, roughly simple, destitute of distinction, and hopelessly commonplace. That prize, after all, is nearly as valuable as most of those which an approving and self-satisfied conscience can confer.

BISHOP DUPANLOUP.

M. VEUILLOT of the *Univers* has written a highly characteristic epitaph on the late Bishop of Orleans, who is described as a questionable theologian and an equally questionable politician, is emphatically denied to be "a model Bishop," and is finally dismissed as *un de ces passants remarquables qui n'arrivent pas*. We call the description characteristic, because neither good taste nor discretion ever restrains the Ultramontane organs from throwing dirt at the greatest men of their own Church, whether living or dead, who are suspected—as such men are sure to be suspected—of any taint of Liberalism. The gross insults heaped on the memory of Montalembert, in which Pius IX. condescended to take a prominent part, will be fresh in the memory of our readers. Archbishop Darboy's heroic, not to say martyr, death did not shield his great name from something more than studied obloquy and neglect. Lacordaire, like a yet greater man among ourselves, was distrusted and snubbed during life by the same dominant party, who have shown little disposition since his death to remember his splendid services to Catholicism. Dupanloup could expect no better treatment at their hands. If he was not in all respects a man of the same calibre as those we have named, he was eminent alike as a preacher, a speaker, a writer, a politician, and a prelate. To say that "he was a failure" is true of course in a sense, but only in a sense which applies with at least equal force to the leaders of the party that his critics delight to honour. He failed no doubt to realize his ideal of Church and State, and it was inevitable, in the existing condition of the world, that he should fail. It is still less conceivable, as M. Veillot is too sharp-sighted not to be well aware, that the Ultramontanes should succeed in making their own programme a reality. But in the ordinary sense of the word, and as regards his own personal influence, Dupanloup was anything but a failure. He certainly did not become a Cardinal, though it is very likely, had he lived a year or two longer, that he might under the present pontificate have attained to that dignity; but he was not, as has been observed of a still more eminent personage, "the stuff Cardinals are made of" under such a rule as that of Pius IX. Even then, however, his opinion on French ecclesiastical matters counted for something at Rome, little as he was loved there, because he was well known to be the most active and influential member of the national episcopate. By the present Pope he appears to have been unreservedly trusted and consulted, and His Holiness is reported, we have no doubt correctly, to be deeply afflicted at his death. No French Cardinal for many a long year has wielded half the influence of the late Bishop of Orleans over his countrymen. But the reasons why the *Univers* is not anxious to recognize that fact are not far to seek.

It was the lot of Dupanloup through life to be assailed by Ultramontanes as a Liberal, and by Liberals as an Ultramontane, and both classes of assailants had something to say for themselves. Not that the Bishop was ever, at least consciously, insincere, though he was far from being always consistent. He had strong Liberal sympathies and strong Catholic sympathies, but his Liberalism always succumbed to his Catholicism when the two came into conflict, and Catholicism, for a French Bishop under Pius IX., could hardly, in extreme cases, mean anything short of Ultramontanism. A century ago Bishop Dupanloup would have been a leading Gallican. There was much about him to recall not only the eloquence but the personality of Bossuet, though of course the two are not for a moment to be compared. He had inherited, to a great extent, the dignified presence as well as the doctrinal traditions of the old Gallican episcopate. He was in heart a monarchist no less than a prelatist, and a national Church, subordinate to Rome as the centre of unity but independent in its local self-government, was the object of his aspirations, if not of his practical aims. In his sternness, his pugnacity, and something of personal hauteur—which prevented his becoming popular among his clergy—he reproduced characteristic traits of the famous Bishop of Meaux. But above all things he was to the backbone a Frenchman, and a French ecclesiastic; and that may account for many of his seeming inconsistencies. If M. Thiers, who was a layman and a statesman, could say, as he was reported to have said, in reference to the Roman question, "je ne suis pas Chrétien, mais je suis papiste," it is not wonderful that Dupanloup, who was very emphatically a Christian and a Catholic, as well as a Frenchman, should have been "a Papist," as regards the temporal power and some other points too. The whole course of French history since the Revolution has tended to alienate the Church from the Government, and thereby inevitably to throw it into the arms of Rome. Yet in theological matters, so far as he dared to trust his own feelings and convictions, Dupanloup was not "a Papist"; and hence the Ultramontane antipathy to him. The *Univers* observes that "his submission to the Vatican Council was tardy." That is true, but it is not the whole truth. Before going to Rome for the Council, the Bishop published a Pastoral professedly discussing the "opportunities" of the proposed dogma, but the arguments urged against the expediency of defining it turned, in nine cases out of ten, on the conspicuous absence of any evidence for its truth; as his opponents were not slow to discover and indignantly to proclaim. And during the sitting of the Council the most vigorous Opposition pamphlets emanated from his pen. That was a fatal offence, which no "tardy submission," no zeal for the Church, or even for the Papacy, in other respects, could condone in Ultramontane eyes. And moreover it was not what is, or used in our schoolboy days to be called, "a first fault,"

which might exempt the culprit from a flogging. Bishop Dupanloup had not been a good boy, in the Ultramontane sense, before that. In one notable instance he had shown—that is by no means an invariable characteristic even of gifted Frenchmen, especially of French ecclesiastics—a vein of strong common sense. Some years ago it pleased the Abbé Gaume and certain other Ultramontane authorities in France to get up a crusade against the use of the Greek and Latin, or as they preferred to phrase it the “Pagan,” classics in the education of youth. Dupanloup, backed by the immemorial tradition of the Church both in France and elsewhere, threw the whole weight of his not inconsiderable influence into the opposite scale. The notion of teaching the Greek and Latin languages from the writings of the Christian Fathers was certainly an original one, but it was warmly espoused at the time by the Ultramontane zealots, who drew up a complete series of school books modelled on this plan, though it eventually collapsed. The scheme was ardently supported by M. Veuillot, whose contempt for classical learning is only equalled by his ignorance of it, and the Bishop of Orleans, who had not unjustly taunted M. Veuillot with making calumny the chief weapon of religious journalism, was not readily forgiven for his powerful opposition to it.

But if Dupanloup defended—as any educated man who is not a fanatic would be sure to defend—the study of “the Pagan classics,” it was assuredly from no tenderness for atheism or unbelief. One of his earliest achievements was a lecture against Voltaire, delivered before the students of the Sorbonne—which cost him his professorship, owing to the tumult it produced—as his latest literary efforts were directed against the recent Voltaire centenary. His detestation of Voltaire as an infidel and licentious writer was intensified by a kind of chivalrous devotion to the Maid of Orleans—the heroine of his episcopal city—whose canonization he exerted himself to procure, and he could not pardon the gross outrage perpetrated on her memory by the author of *La Pucelle*. His influence availed for many years to keep M. Littré out of the Forty of the French Academy, and when the Positivist had at last effected an entrance in spite of him, he shook off the dust from his feet, and himself retired from the mystic circle whose sanctity had been profaned, though his resignation of his chair was not accepted by his colleagues. But within the limits of orthodoxy his sympathies were generous and comprehensive, and leaned always to the liberal side. He used all his influence, through the medium of Montalembert, to whom he was warmly attached, to induce Dr. Dollinger to attend the Vatican Council—to which however he had not been invited—in order to join in opposing “the base acts” soon to be attempted, and only too likely to be accomplished there; Dr. Newman he wished and urged to attend the Council as his “theologian.” It is quite intelligible that, while the *Univers* refuses him the praise of a model bishop, the *Debats*, premising that he had always been its political opponent, should offer a high tribute to “the generosity, frankness and true nobility of his nature,” and declare him to be “one of the glories, or rather the glory, of the French episcopate, whose place will not easily be supplied.” This is perfectly true, and not the less true because his influence, like that of Bishop Wilberforce in England, was of a kind to be felt at the time rather than to be perpetuated. He was a copious as well as a brilliant writer, but more of a pamphleteer than an author; in this respect a thorough Frenchman, though not, like Renan, whom he sharply attacked, a master of French style. He wrote endless pamphlets on theological, ecclesiastical, social, educational, and political questions of the day, calculated to make a telling impression for the moment, but had not leisure or patience for the composition of what the Germans call *ewige Werke*, and here he differed widely from Bossuet. He cannot in fact be said to have made any permanent contribution to theology or literature, and it must be regarded as more than questionable whether his works will live, though his name is not likely to be forgotten. His career has been a long and honourable one, and he carries with him to the grave the respect of his countrymen of all shades of opinion, with one conspicuous and not very creditable exception. Yet he can hardly be called *felix opportunitate mortis*, for while he outlived the pontiff who could not appreciate and would never have rewarded his distinguished services to the Church, his death has followed too closely on that of Pius IX. to have given him the opportunity of profiting by the tardy but sincere appreciation of the Holy See in the person of his successor. With the exception of Maret, who is a Bishop without a see, and who seems to have “effaced” himself as well as his previous writings, since the Vatican Council, there is, so far as we are aware, no man of mark now left on the roll of the French episcopate.

THE ARGYLL ROOMS AND THE MIDDLESEX MAGISTRATES.

THE Middlesex magistrates have at length been awakened to the knowledge of certain facts which to the rest of the world have always been notorious. For many years past the court in which these eminent gentlemen assemble has been the scene of a comedy that most assuredly would not have been licensed by the Lord Chamberlain for representation on the stage. The principal performers have been the magistrates themselves, who have annually assumed the character of worthy and respected citizens summoned to administer the laws of their country. Subordinate parts

have been competently filled by members of the Bar and Inspectors of Police, and the main interest of the drama has turned upon the extraordinary difficulty of ascertaining the purpose for which the Argyll Rooms exist. To the innocent spectator it would seem that no pains have been spared to gain the desired information. Numerous witnesses have been examined, but the eager and searching spirit of the Bench has not even been content to rely upon the evidence of others. From time to time individual magistrates, risking all for the public weal, have paid a visit in person to the mysterious establishment, and have returned to impart to their colleagues the result of their experiences. And then, with this store of accumulated knowledge, gathered from every source and by every means at their disposal, they have annually proceeded to adjudicate upon the case. This has always been the crowning situation of the drama. In the earlier scenes we had been allowed to hear the wanton and malicious insinuations by which evil tongues sought to injure the fair fame of the Argyll Rooms, and for a little while the audience was left under the impression that these wicked slanders would prevail. But this was only to heighten the effect of the climax; for, just at the moment when the outlook seemed most desperate, the magistrates, assuming the functions of the good fairy, have annually taken the proprietor of the Argyll Rooms by the hand, and, vindicating the spotless purity of his reputation, have restored to him his imperilled estate.

If this oft-repeated performance, always ludicrous, has not been always entertaining, it is because the subject with which it deals has a serious side. Even the most excellent buffoons occasionally blunder in the choice of material for the display of their powers, and in this case many persons who are quite ready to recognize the unflagging humour of the Middlesex Bench have nevertheless felt that the attempt to combine it with the serious administration of the law was unfortunate and unwise. Such, however, has not been the feeling of the magistrates themselves. Since the year 1849, as we learn from the report of their recent proceedings, they have every year punctually repeated the entertainment we have described, growing with each successive representation only more perfect in their parts. On the present occasion they have adopted a different course. Suddenly dropping the comic mask, they have unexpectedly made their appearance as the guardians of public order; and, as though by some secret process beyond their own control, have all at once become possessed of knowledge which years of indefatigable research had not availed to secure. So little previous warning seems to have been given of this change of programme, that the inferior actors were evidently not equal to the emergency. The Inspector of Police was still pleased with “the perfect propriety and order” observed at the Argyll Rooms, and even maintained that he had “seen nothing vulgar take place” there; while Mr. Poland, in support of his client’s case, remarked that “there was a fine band,” and that the proprietor had “gone to enormous expense in fitting up” the rooms and maintaining them. On all previous occasions such evidence has been accepted by the Bench with the utmost gravity, and neither the Inspector nor Mr. Poland is to be held responsible for a change of temper on the part of the magistrates for which nothing in their former attitude had supplied a warrant. It is, no doubt, perfectly true, as one of their number observed, that, “without stultifying themselves as administrators of public justice, the magistrates of Middlesex could no longer license such a place”; but this worthy gentleman forgot to remind the public during what length of time this process of self-stultification had been going on. That they have themselves only recently arrived at a conviction of their own incompetence is, no doubt, a matter for regret, but it would be idle to pretend that others have been equally ignorant. What is true of the Argyll Rooms at the present time has been no less true in past years, and to assume at this late hour a tone of virtuous indignation will certainly not deceive any one who has followed the earlier conduct of the Bench. After having rendered their proceedings ludicrous for a long series of years, they must expect to cut but a poor figure even in their newly-adopted character of protectors of morality. The public will reflect, and with justice, that these regrets, however sincere, are rather late, and it will be apt, we think, to question the intelligence of a body which has taken twenty years to discover the most obvious facts concerning a place of notoriously evil character. And there is even a more serious aspect of the question which can scarcely be passed over in silence. Having regard to the manner in which the recent inquiry was conducted, it is impossible to feel secure that the decision now adopted will be always maintained. That the Bench has been forced to take a stricter view of their duties is satisfactory in itself, but the means employed to bring about this result reflect very little credit on the character of the tribunal. A body which presumes to administer the law should scarcely be dependent upon the pressure of external opinion, and yet we are constrained to doubt whether this, and this alone, was not the influence that determined their decision in regard to the Argyll Rooms. Mr. Bignell would probably be even now in the full possession of his coveted licence but that the action of the magistrates has this year been anticipated by discussion in the press, and it was no longer possible to disregard the feeling of opposition that had been aroused. Even as matters stood, there were sixteen magistrates who recorded their votes in favour of granting the licence; and the rest, it would seem, needed the stirring appeals of individual members of their body before they could make up their minds to change the policy of past years.

In this aspect of the matter the Middlesex magistrates, by the sudden recognition of their duty, have not greatly improved their position. Now that the Argyll Rooms, after an undisturbed career of thirty years, have been declared unfit to exist as a place of public resort, a question must inevitably arise with regard to the fitness of the tribunal which has so long sanctioned its existence. There are various other functions which the magistrates are called upon to discharge, and of their proved incapacity in regard to them something of an uncomplimentary character might also be said. It is not so very long ago that they were compelled to reconsider and to reverse their own decision in the matter of a refreshment licence. But for the moment we may confine our attention to the licences granted for music and dancing. The writer of a letter to the *Times* has urged with much force that the element of uncertainty in their decisions under this head involves an evil from which both the public and the proprietors of dancing and music-halls equally suffer. If there were any settled principle upon which licences were either granted or refused, a more respectable class of persons might be encouraged to undertake the management of such places. At present the instability of their tenure induces a measure of recklessness in the mode of conducting them. Men of approved character will scarcely embark in a trade which places them at the mercy of a body guided rather by caprice than by settled principle, and thus it happens that the few who do gain the favour of the magistrates enjoy a practical monopoly of a very lucrative kind of business. In view of these facts, which can scarcely be questioned, it becomes important to consider whether it might not become prudent to offer greater facilities for the establishment of places for music and dancing, and at the same time to insist upon a more rigorous system of supervision and control. But, if this conclusion recommends itself at all, it is only on the assumption that the necessary authority should be vested in those who have the requisite knowledge and intelligence to guide them. Experience has proved that the Middlesex magistrates have neither. From their position, and from the intermittent character of their duties, they cannot be expected to possess a minute acquaintance with those aspects in the life of a city like London which must necessarily enter into any sound judgment upon a subject of this kind. To control the amusements of the lower classes of London, it is indispensable to be familiar with the forms of vice and crime that require control, and this familiarity can only be possessed by men like the metropolitan police magistrates, who are brought into daily contact with the existing elements of disturbance. There is, we think, from this point of view very much to be said for the suggestion that the police magistrates should have greater influence in regard to the regulation of the amusements of the people of London. Whether the authority now exercised by the unpaid Bench could be wholly transferred to them is somewhat doubtful; but, even without going so far as this, it would be possible to invest them with powers to close any place of entertainment improperly conducted; and, on the other hand, it might be advisable, in every case where a licence was applied for, to require the approval of the presiding magistrate of the district.

UPPER INDIA IN THE RAINS.

FEW travellers for pleasure care to linger in India after the very earliest burst of spring. In the Northern provinces especially the winter is scarcely over before hot winds set in, and journeying becomes a task of difficulty and pain. Many Englishmen accordingly, after a few weeks in the country, carry home with them the idea of India as a dry, bright, sunshiny place, with a brisk, keen atmosphere, which becomes disagreeably hot only for a few hours in the middle of the day, and at night sinks to a temperature low enough to render warm clothes and good fires a matter of necessity. The sky is monotonously and uninterestingly blue; the wind is harsh, cold, violent, like the east wind of an English February; of anything like tropical vegetation not a trace is to be seen; vast, arid, dusty plains stretch away into the horizon; the corn-fields are green, but not luxuriant; the great winter crops of wheat, which in a month or two more will be yellowing in the fierce blaze of an Indian spring, are only just above the ground; many trees are shedding their leaves, and have a dingy, dusty look. The traveller feels that he has left the tropics, the soft Bengalee, the enervating moisture and luxuriant foliage of the South, far behind him, and has come to a sterner climate, where fervent Sikh and wild Pathan breathe a congenially bracing air, and are moulded into the sturdy frames and high spirits that have on more battle-fields than one made a formidable resistance to the victorious onset of a British force.

In the autumn the face of nature wears a very different aspect. The corn crops of the early months have been gathered to the thousand threshing floors that stud the country, and—such is the newest phase of Indian agriculture—have been whirled away to Calcutta or London. The great summer harvest of pulses and millets, which form the staple diet of the population, has covered the country with a rich vegetation eminently suggestive of rapid growth and bumper crops. All the low-lying lands are under water; every ravine is a torrent; where a few months ago a languid stream was loitering through the shallows and losing itself in the sand, now the great river, muddy and turbulent and cold from its snowy home above, goes raging and swirling to the sea, and every indentation in the soil has become a little lake; the rice

crops stand flashing with their bright metallic green in the stagnant pools; the sugar-cane, its spreading foliage bound carefully together, towers high into the air; the tall "jowar" lifts its head joyfully amid the descending streams and drinks in the long-desired moisture; already the cobs of Indian corn are yellowing on the stalwart stem, and will soon find their way to the bazaars, and thence to many a humble banquet in the villages around; a world of cucumbers, melons, gourds of every species, has sprung suddenly into existence, and stands piled high at every street corner, within the means of the poorest purchaser. All nature wears an air of profusion. Earth seems "to laugh and sing" with the accomplished promise of plenty near at hand; great herds of cattle, that have grown gaunt on scanty fare all through the winter months, and have sometimes had to be content with an old thatch by way of a repast, stand knee-deep amid the ample pasturage which a few days' rain has conjured from the dusty plain; buffaloes, to whom anything like drought is an especial affliction, lie wallowing in the water, serenely contented, and scarcely visible above the surface; and great aquatic birds stalk daintily through the slush, and find a ready meal in every pool. The landscape is alive, too, with busy human forms which remind the traveller that he is in the most thickly-populated region of the world; every meadow has one or more little fragile tenements raised aloft on slender piles, whence the owners of the crop may watch its growth, and protect it from the inroads of man, bird, or beast; on the uplands, wherever the flood has sufficiently receded, the ploughmen are hard at work with that primitive and feeble instrument with which from time immemorial the Indian cultivator has scratched the surface of the soil. It is in vain that scientific farmers assure him that a few inches deeper lies an untouched mine of wealth; his forefathers have been content to leave it untouched, and so is he; and the merits of deep ploughing find their way but slowly into the agricultural mind, fossilized by the usage of generations. The peasant's instinct, however, leads him to repeat the process as often as possible, and the rickety plough and scrambling cat-like bullocks will sometimes go over a field ten or twelve times in preparation for the winter crop; the consequence is that the moment the rain is at an end the cultivator hurries to his field and seizes the golden moment to turn his fallow over. His habits of companionship stick by him, and a "brotherhood" may often be seen at work with three or four ploughs side by side. Elsewhere tribes of labourers are busy clearing out the thick undergrowth of weeds that thrive as fast and profusely as everything else, or transplanting the rice plants from the nursery beds to their final home. The landscape is overhung with a sky of picturesque variety, instead of the vast azure dome of the winter months. Every hour brings some new atmospheric effect. On the horizon the sun is sinking into a massive bank of inky clouds, dyeing their edges with a crimson glory; northward a deluge of rain wraps everything in a gloomy mist; elsewhere the clouds have broken, a pale blue sky shines amid the storms around and lights up one little patch of the landscape with transient splendour; then, as the sun sets, the whole western heaven is ablaze with gold and red; the huge rain-clouds flash out in gorgeous colours and fantastic shapes; and, almost before the eye has drunk in the splendour of the scene, night has settled over the plain; the storm has spread across the sky and shuts out all the landscape from view; darkness falls pall-like on flood and field; belated peasants hurry their flocks homeward cowering before the storm; and the grateful earth, through the livelong night, will absorb the welcome supply and treasure it safely in those secret recesses where stream and lake and fountain have their birth, and on which through many a thirsty month to come all life, vegetable and animal, will have so largely to depend.

An artist would rejoice in so much that is grand, varied, and picturesque. To the eye of the Indian administrator the scene is full of sterner and sadder meaning. Though the tract between the Ganges and the Jumna is among the richest in India, and has been the scene of some of our most successful irrigation schemes, the rainfall, profuse at the base of the Himalayas, diminishes rapidly in the direction of Rajpootana and Bundelkund, and in almost all parts alike is liable to variations which, whether of excess or defect, are ruinous to the agriculture of the country. The rain-clouds which stream up the valley of the Ganges, or are driven southwards by the great mountain barrier, have a long and adventurous journey before they reach the corn-fields of Benares and the wooded plains of Oudh. Another monsoon-stream, which comes up the valleys of the Taptee and Nerbudda from the Arabian Sea, is liable to equal vicissitudes, and the country about Agra and Allahabad is often in danger of losing its share of both supplies. Little is known of the deeper philosophy that shapes the movements of that mysterious current known as the South-West Monsoon. Its watery burden sheds itself profusely on the Malabar Ghats, more profusely still on the mountains of Burmah and North-East Bengal. There is reason to believe, too, that vast masses of water are precipitated into the Bay of Bengal and the Indian Ocean, and the careful observation of recent years has connected the progress of the wind-current with the relative atmospheric pressure at the Line as compared with the various regions over which the monsoon travels. But we know nothing as yet of the conflicting agencies which direct its course and decide the ultimate destination of the treasures of which it is the bearer. The attempts which have been made by Dr. Hunter and others to establish a theory of cyclical recurrence of droughts are, so far as practical usefulness is concerned, nullified by variations too frequent and too important to allow of the slightest reference

being made to a rule so far removed from invariability. The present year, for instance, belongs to the worst of Dr. Hunter's series—1823, 1834, 1845, 1856, and 1867; but hitherto there has certainly been little reason to expect a deficiency of rainfall, many places in the Madras Presidency having received double their normal allowance for the summer months, and the island of Ceylon nearly ten times its usual rainfall. In Upper India, at any rate, all that is known is that failures of rainfall, sufficient to involve a bad famine, occur at intervals ranging from twenty-three to twenty-four years; and less serious droughts at intervals of six or eight. Great famines devastated the North-West Provinces in 1770, 1783, 1803, 1819, 1837, and 1861; and the year 1877 has unhappily earned a title to be added to the list. Droughts of less importance visited the same regions in 1733, 1744, 1752, 1799, 1813, 1826, 1833, and 1873. Each of the great famines, moreover, was preluded by years of climatic irregularity, especially noticeable in the case of the famines of 1803, 1837, and 1861; the same phenomenon announced the advent of the recent dearth in the North-West Provinces, the preceding year having been marked by unseasonable rains at one time and by so serious a failure at another that nothing but a lucky downpour, at a time when there was least reason to expect it, averted wholesale disaster. The figures appear sufficiently to establish the doctrine, perhaps too much overlooked by the earlier administrators of the country, that the periodical recurrence of famines may be counted on with the same certainty as any other cosmical phenomenon, and that the revenue, taxes, and general administrative machinery of the district should be shaped with reference to the fact that every few years the main food-staples of the population will fail, the landowners be deprived of most of their income, and great masses of the labouring classes be thrown out of employment and thus into destitution.

Even since last autumn these results have been witnessed in almost every part of Oudh and the North-West Provinces on a scale of alarming magnitude. The autumn rainfall of many districts completely failed, dropping in Meerut, for instance, from 25 inches to 4, in Agra from 26 to 2½, in Lucknow from 41 inches to 4½; everywhere else the deficiency was almost equally marked. Nor was this all. Instead of cool, soft, rainy clouds, the country was swept over by a raging, hot west wind which carried ruin in its course, and blasted the feeble growth which artificial irrigation had kept alive; the consequence was a total failure of the great autumn crops on which the mass of the inhabitants depend for food, the landowners for the payment of the two winter instalments of the land revenue, and the tenants for that of their half-year's rent. Prices, which had ranged abnormally low, rose speedily to double the current rates, and, to aggravate this rise, a brisk wheat export to Europe continued to exhaust the local supplies, and to put this staple more than ever out of the reach of the consumer. The land-owning classes were in many places partially recouped by the high prices which their existing stocks commanded, but the great masses of agricultural and town labourers sank into dire distress. For some weeks there was grave reason to apprehend that the drought which had ruined the summer crop would be equally fatal to the autumnal sowings, and thus destroy all hopes of the harvest which might be expected in the spring. This fear was happily removed by a downfall early in October, and again partially by heavy rains in December; but on the whole the crop has been scarcely an average one, and meantime the high price of grain, the inclement season, and the outbreak of an epidemic of smallpox—one of the plagues that generally hover on the flanks of a famine—were telling disastrously on the general health. The death list of the province sprang from 50,000 and 43,000 (the totals for January and February 1877) to 137,000 in January 1878, 138,000 in February, 143,000 in March, and 157,000 in April, from which time there has been a slow but steady improvement. The figures could not, of course, fail to create a profound impression both on the Government and the public; some sections of the Indian press have loudly condemned, others as vehemently defended, the measures which the Lieutenant-Governor of the province adopted to meet the prevailing distress. The Government of India has directed a searching inquiry into the causes of the mortality. Pending the result of this, it would be rash to say more than that there are evidently large sections of the community which no machinery of relief hitherto contrived by Government succeeds in reaching, and that the question how to deal in any satisfactory manner with the destitution produced by famines is one of the problems which the patience, experience, and statesmanship of Indian administrators have still to solve.

FLYING.

THE students of a remote past speak of a Stone age and an Iron age; but for the large number of ages which have gone by since these it might not be easy to find distinctive titles. If, however, a small band of enthusiasts, who may be the early heralds of truth, are in the right, we are possibly on the eve of a period which will have a designation of its own and be called by a far-off posterity the Flying age. It is worthy of note, though perhaps very little known, that some gentlemen who have paid considerable attention to what is termed by one of them "The Problem of Flight," and who are certainly not to be confounded with the

fanatics or lunatics who occasionally announce that they have discovered how to float in the air, are apparently of opinion that the problem aforesaid is not insoluble, and that perhaps the time may be approaching when human beings will be able to make for themselves wings, and, with the aid of a few appliances of a less poetical nature, such as cranked axles, rods, and universal joints, to fly about where they list over the face of the earth. It is to be feared that to most people such exalted hopes may appear slightly suggestive of mental derangement; but new ideas are always received with contempt and incredulity at first, and perhaps the enthusiasts who think future flight not impossible may some day be revered as those who had the first glimpses of truth. In another century haply, flying men and women, rejoicing in unlimited facilities for breezy locomotion, may point to the Aeronautical Society of our days as the small but enlightened body who first showed, in a time of ignorance and scepticism, that, although nature had neglected to supply men with wings, there was good reason to hope that science might be able to supply the deficiency.

At present, owing either to the dullness of mankind or to an exaggerated respect for the force of gravity, the question of possible flight attracts little attention or is contemptuously dismissed. Probably the majority of Englishmen are not even aware that the country has the advantage of possessing an Aeronautical Society, and have never heard of the lofty aspirations of some of its members. This institution has, however, now existed for twelve years, and numbers amongst its patrons men of very high position. Thus the Duke of Argyll is President, and the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Dufferin, and Lord Richard Grosvenor are Vice-Presidents. On the list of the Council are to be found such well-known names as those of Lord John Hay, Sir Charles Bright, and Mr. Glaisher. Clearly, then, the Society receives support which would never be given to an assemblage of mere visionaries; and it may fairly be assumed that the speculations which are deemed worthy of attention at its meetings are based on practical knowledge, and are far removed from the fancies of the crazy enthusiasts who think they have, by intuition, discovered how to solve problems which the learned have abandoned as hopeless. Those, therefore, who are not satisfied with the conquests which man has made, and desire a further extension of his powers, will learn with gratification, though perhaps with surprise, that some active members of the Aeronautical Society think that a flying-machine may be devised; and that they are apparently disposed to hold out the hope that a time may come when, with the aid of a well-designed pair of wings and a neat little engine, men will be able to leave coal-smoke and fogs beneath them, and to betake themselves gleefully to the upper airs, there to revel to their heart's content.

Such, at least, is the pleasing inference to be drawn from some parts of the annual Report of the Society which has recently been published. At the general meeting held last summer, Mr. Glaisher, who presided, seemed certainly to take a sanguine view of the progress which had been made towards obtaining powers of flight. He mentioned an "aerial machine," contrived by Mr. Moy, which was so far perfected two years ago as to raise 120 lbs. Unfortunately, no further progress has been made with this interesting machine; but, considering the amount of success which is said to have been attained, it is certainly remarkable that more has not been heard of it. Mr. Glaisher cannot, of course, have referred to any kind of balloon, for there would be nothing the least striking in a balloon raising 120 lbs., and it is certainly somewhat startling to reflect that there is a contrivance in existence which would enable a big boy or a buxom girl just growing up to fly about. Perhaps, however, in the interest of parents it is as well that the invention has not been generally known, as they would probably be severely tried, if some boys and girls were enabled to fly, and if many were anxious to have the same power. It is impossible to believe that a mother could ever contemplate with equanimity the sight of her substantial child of 120 lbs. weight flitting away from one of the upper floors. Happily there is reason to hope that, even if this power should be imprudently given to the young, they will not always have a monopoly of it, and will be accompanied, when flying, by their seniors; for it may be gathered from Mr. Glaisher's remarks that he thinks it not impossible that Mr. Moy will in time construct a machine which will lift a greater weight than that which has been mentioned, so that perhaps sooner or later he will be able to launch adults on the wing; and, even should he not succeed, others may, for he is not the only labourer in the field—if the expression may be allowed when speaking of gentlemen who want to fly. At the meeting above referred to Mr. Jay exhibited what was termed "a model of the figure 8 movement as a propeller for aerial use." This invention is somewhat briefly described in the Report, and probably could not be properly explained without the aid of drawings; but the object of the invention appears to have been to give motion to wings by mechanism so as to obtain what the inventor called "a direct lifting, or a lifting and propelling action." The model was apparently admired by those who were present at the meeting, and thanks were returned to the inventor for exhibiting it; but, strange to say, no attempt seems to have been made to show it in action. It was handed round; but there is no statement in the Report that it raised itself even to the most modest height. Perhaps, however, the Report is deficient, or perhaps the model had not wings enough; for, when exhibited, it had but one pair, and Mr. Jay appeared to contemplate adding more. When he has done this, the model will no doubt propel itself above the heads of the members of the Aeronautical Society, thus giving them

promise of the happy day when the full-sized machine will bear them aloft.

After Mr. Jay's model had been shown, the Honorary Secretary of the Society, Mr. Brearey, read a paper on what, in the words already quoted, he termed "The Problem of Flight," and illustrated his propositions by models which had been previously exhibited at a lecture he had given at the London Institution. His remarks may be described as encouraging to those who wish to fly. After speaking of what he called "flight by gravity alone," he discoursed on "flight by force and surface," which he apparently considered as most likely to be made possible for mankind by taking the "albatross form of wing"—probably a very excellent one, as albatrosses do fly for enormous distances. Perhaps a model fitted with these carefully selected wings did actually flit about the room during the lecture, for Mr. Brearey talked of the "flight of albatross model," and very likely illustrated it practically; but unfortunately the Report does not clearly show whether this was done or not. One experiment, however, was undoubtedly made. Mr. Brearey stood on a pivoted stool, and "holding the artificial wing perfectly level, waved it up and down, by which action he was revolved." The sight of an honorary secretary waving a wing and revolving on a pivoted stool in the midst of a circle of admiring members must have been a thrilling one; but still it should be said that there is a considerable interval between turning round on a stool and flying. It seems difficult to imagine that a young lady in the schoolroom who twirls on one of those little mushroom seats which are placed in front of pianos may unconsciously be taking the first step towards cleaving the air. However, Mr. Brearey, who has studied the subject, is very likely right in assuming that there is a connexion between modes of motion which at first sight appear somewhat dissimilar. There can be no doubt that these investigations have been thorough and complete. He stated, after revolving in the manner mentioned, that he had been experimenting with various "forms of wings," and had been "enabled to achieve the leisurely flight of the crow and the swift flight of the swallow." Of course, these words must not be taken literally. Mr. Brearey did not mean that he himself had been flying either like a crow or like a swallow, but that he had made models which would fly in this way. However, if there has been such success with models, probably equal success will be achieved when models are copied in full-sized flying-machines; and perhaps some day, owing to the exertions of the Secretary of the Aeronautical Society, members of that body will be seen winging their way high above the house-tops or skimming over the waters of the Regent's Park at sunset.

After speaking thus hopefully of flying, Mr. Brearey turned to the far less interesting subject of balloons; but here we do not propose to follow him, as the uses to which these can be put have often been discussed. The question of flying-machines is a very different one, and there are few whose attention would not be roused if they were told that men who have studied the subject seem to be of opinion that it will be found possible to construct machines which will enable human beings to travel through the air in any direction they please. The indications hitherto given of the manner in which this result is to be achieved are perhaps a little vague; but there is a time of uncertainty with regard to all discoveries, and the earnest votaries of flying seem assured that they are on their way to great achievements. It is worthy of note that they do not speak of the subject they are investigating as ordinary inventors or observers do, but with a certain strong enthusiasm. Thus the Chairman spoke of Mr. Moy as having assured him that "his feeling and his heart" were in "the cause;" and Mr. Brearey said that no other subject, except his necessary avocations, engrossed his thoughts, and that the remainder of his life would be "as the last twelve years," which, it may be presumed, have been given up to speculation on aerial questions. There is nothing forced or exaggerated in using this language respecting labours which are undertaken for the purpose of enabling men and women to fly, as certainly, if the desired result is achieved, a striking change will be brought about. Putting commercial considerations aside and looking merely at social ones, how great an alteration will there be in the ways of civilized beings if flying is brought within the reach of all who can buy an engine and some durable wings. To take the most poetic relation of life, what a different thing will courtship be when lovers seek the clouds, as of course they will, and when vows are exchanged in the air. Lord Lytton tried to describe something of the kind, but his hero was a clumsy fellow who could not learn how to manage his wings, and constantly had to be caught by the woman who loved him. Very different will be the case with the vigorous and well-trained young Englishman who will take the lady whom he admires out to fly just as ladies are now taken out for a drive, or will perchance urge his suit when hovering outside her second-floor window, and will perch on the sill to learn his fate. Then, in the more prosaic part of life, in the ordinary routine of commonplace daily existence, what strange alterations will occur! Our ancestors would have laughed at any one who had told them that the time would come when the throngs in the streets would have under their feet men of business who were being dragged to and from their daily work; and it is equally difficult for us to conceive that perhaps in the next century the peaceful rambles by the Regent's Park will find the sky overhead suddenly darkened, at a certain time in the afternoon, by the great flocks of City men who are flying to their homes in the far North-West. There will, of course,

be some inconvenience from the general acquisition of powers of flight; but then every great change brings with it a certain amount of suffering. Thus it is terrible to picture the feelings of the quiet householder of the future when he learns that a large number of schoolboys have recently been let loose, and are flying about the neighbourhood; or that the crew of a man-of-war recently paid off have bought aerial machines, and may appear at any moment. Such drawbacks as these will, however, be trifling when compared with the vast advantages which men will gain from the possession of wings. Perhaps the most striking of these will be the facility which will be given for the pursuit and detection of crime. It is not easy to picture a flying policeman, or to imagine injunctions to move on coming from above the chimneys; but it is perhaps possible to realize how perfect a feeling of security the inhabitants of London will have when they know that all over the metropolis watchful inspectors are poised in mid-air, and that soaring constables are constantly on the look-out. Let it be hoped that when these days come men will not forget to whom they owe so much, and will regard the members of the Aeronautical Society as benefactors of humanity, and worthy of enduring fame.

FRENCH TRANSLATIONS OF DANTE.

THE history of the popular appreciation of Dante is a curious one. It may be fairly gathered by considering the number of editions, in the original, of his greatest work since the invention of printing. From 1492 to 1500 there were nineteen editions of the *Divina Commedia*; during the sixteenth century there were forty; in the seventeenth century only five; and in the eighteenth thirty-seven. Addison, in his travels in Italy, ignores Dante; Johnson, in his *Life of Milton*, does not allude to him, although he compares Milton with Tasso. For a long time he was, both in England and on the Continent, one of the world's greatest men of whom the world chose to know nothing. For the last seventy or eighty years editions and translations have multiplied almost beyond count; and in England this is the more remarkable, because during that time the general study of the Italian language has relatively, if not indeed actually, declined. Italian used to be the language learned, in addition to French, if any second language was taught; now it is German; and yet the study of Dante is continually on the increase.

It is, however, on Dante in France, and on French translations of his Divine Comedy, that we now propose to dwell. Naturally, in France, with its cognate tongue, and its more general cultivation of what, for want of an apt English equivalent, must still be called *belles lettres*, an earlier familiarity might be expected with the great poem. And this may be remarked as being true, without forgetting the special obligations of English to Italian literature, as is so obviously seen in the poetry of Chaucer and Spenser. Accordingly, with the exception of a rare Spanish version, published in 1515, the French press had the honour of issuing the first printed translation of the *Divina Commedia* into a foreign tongue, and for many years it maintained this distinction. For this version was followed by others before the earliest English translation appeared, and this was a version of the *Inferno* only, by Charles Rogers, in 1782. Then, in 1785 and 1802, came Boyd's strange work; nor did Cary's well-known version of the whole poem see the light until the year 1814.

There is indeed a French version of the *Inferno*, in manuscript, still earlier than that which will presently be mentioned as the first translation printed in France. It is in the University Library at Turin, and is an anonymous work of the fifteenth century, in the same metre and with the same number of verses as the original. The first six lines are as follows:—

D'milleu du chemin de la vie présente
Me retrouvay parmy une forest obscure,
Ou m'estoye esgaré hors de la droicte sente.
Ha, combien ce seroit à dire chose dure
De ceste forest, tant aspre, forte et sauvage,
Qu'en y pensant ma paour renouvelle et dure.

This is very close and literal, and absolutely line for line with the Italian.

The Abbé Grangier's work was printed at Paris in 1597 in three stout little volumes. It begins with a dedicatory epistle to Henri Quatre, which contains among other things a sort of apology for Dante's satiric humour in putting so many emperors, kings, dukes, counts, marquises, and other rulers into Hell and Purgatory. Especially he has to excuse his author for the place assigned to Hugh Capet in Purgatory, and for calling the ancestor of the line of French monarchs "the son of a butcher," which, as he explains it, is said metaphorically; and, to set off Dante's greater affection for Philippe-le-Bel, and the kings of France who bullied Popes. The dedication is followed by an address to his readers, in which he displays his method of proceeding, and warns them against expecting "une poesie delicate, mignarde, coulante, et bien asée, comme est celle quasi de tous noz Poetes François." He then announces his translation as being verse for verse with the original, although in a different metre, and adds that he is thus compelled in many places to be as difficult and involved as Dante himself, and in such places he begs his readers to turn to the notes for assistance, where they may find the very words of the text and an easy paraphrase; admitting also that he sometimes leaves words untranslated in the midst of his own French. This is a quaint and honest avowal of the excellent old Abbé—perhaps more to

be commended than the disingenuous devices of some of his successors, or than the clumsy, but frequently adopted practice of printing the original at length, side by side with the translation, in order to give the reader the immediate opportunity of judging which is the harder of the two. The stanza employed and the quality of the work will be seen from the opening of the *Inferno* :—

Au milieu du chemin de nostre courte vie
Je me trouvay pensif dedans une forest,
Pleine d'obscurité, dont la voye faillie
M'avoit fait esgarer. Et bien peüible il est
De dire qu'elle fust ceste forest sauvage
Que la peur renouvelle en mon douteux courage.

On comparison with the original it will be noticed at a glance that the above is neither line for line with the original nor very literal, and that some extraneous words have been introduced. Nevertheless there is considerable vigour and truth in the work of Grangier, and it deserves a better estimation than it has generally obtained at the hands of French critics; and the notes are good.

In his *Dictionnaire Philosophique* Voltaire has an article upon Dante, of whom he says that his reputation will always increase, because nobody will ever read him. There are twenty passages in the Divine Comedy which every one knows by heart, and this spares people the labour of becoming acquainted with the rest. It is a poem "dans un goût bizarre," and Voltaire is surprised that "on a regardé ce salmigondis comme un beau poëme épique." Finally, he gives his own flippant translation, in French verse, of the fine episode of Guido da Montefeltro in the *Purgatorio*. The following lines occur towards the close of it :—

Lors devers moi saint François descendit,
Comptant au ciel amener ma bonne âme;
Mais Belzebuth vint en poste et lui dit:
Monsieur d'Assise, arrêtez: je réclame
Ce conseiller du saint père, il est mien;
Bon saint François, que chacun ait le sien.
Lors tout penaud le bon homme d'Assise
M'abandonnait au grand diable d'enfer.
Je lui criai: Monsieur de Lucifer,
Je suis un saint, voyez ma robe grise, etc.

And it is of this stuff that Warton remarks in his *History of Poetry*—"Dante thus translated would have had many more readers than at present." He has previously ridiculed Dante for his Gothic and extravagant innovations, his childish and ludicrous excesses, and his disgusting fooleries. Probably these observations of a really learned man mark the lowest point to which the literary taste of the eighteenth century in poetry was degraded.

Most of the French translations are in prose, and are led off by that of Clairfons (Florence and Paris, 1776). The honesty of this gentleman even exceeds that of the good Abbé Grangier; for, when he comes to a difficult place, he suspends his translation, merely remarking in a note that the difference of genius in the two languages concerned makes it impossible to translate the passage thus omitted. This was followed by the version of Rivard and by that of D'Estouteville (edited by Sallior) in 1783 and 1796 respectively. The labours of Artaud de Montor, a long and well-known worker in the field of Dante, commenced in 1811 with a prose translation of the *Paradiso*, followed in the succeeding years by the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*; and these are said to represent the devotion of twenty-four years to the subject. The result is certainly very far from being a satisfactory one. M. Artaud has not succeeded in imbuing himself with the spirit of the original, or in mastering the temperament of the age in which Dante lived and worked. This is indeed one of the chief difficulties to be encountered in acquiring a due appreciation of the *Divina Commedia*. The poem reflects in a very remarkable degree the characteristics of the time and place which saw its birth, in addition to the personal peculiarities and circumstances of its writer. The end of the thirteenth century marked a critical phase in the history of European literature, in politics, and in ecclesiastical influence. It was a period of emergence from the past—of uncertainty as to the future. There had been no name of note in general literature between Boethius and Dante. There was a kind of supernatural reverence for so much as was known of classical antiquity and mythology, almost equalling that which existed for the traditions of the Church. There was the great contest going on between the Empire and the Vatican, in the midst of which Dante's own life was cast, and which so largely influenced its fortunes. The vast domination of the scholastic philosophy was in full vigour; Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas ruled without appeal in the world of intellect. All these general surroundings, and the more local atmospheres of a dozen petty Italian cities or States, have to be understood before Dante can be understood. And, besides knowing all that he knew and was affected by, it is further necessary to ignore all that he did not know—all modern science, all modern interpretation of the true spirit of Greek and Roman authors, and even of the mental and political phenomena of the age, which must have appeared to Dante in many instances in a totally different way from that in which they strike the modern student of the past. Neither is M. Artaud's language worthy of his original. It is poor and tame; and is frequently not to be relied upon as a faithful rendering of it. Nevertheless it has been more than once reprinted, and for some time occupied the position of being the most readily available and popular French translation.

Passing over several other translations of the whole or parts of the *Divina Commedia*, the prose version by Fiorentino next deserves attention. It appeared in 1840, and has passed through

several editions, the latest bearing the date of 1877. It is an excellent performance, preceded by a full analysis and explanation of the whole poem, which reduces the necessary notes to each canto to dimensions of commendable brevity. In 1842 came out a verse translation by Aroux of the whole poem, undertaken in a spirit of rebuke of those who had supposed prose to be an appropriate vehicle for rendering a great poet into another language; and he had prepared himself for the task by previous publications on Dante's minor works. But, with far less learning and ability to support a peculiar theory than were possessed by Rossetti or Lamennais, M. Aroux has esoteric notions which disqualify him from being a sound guide in the interpretation of a poet in whose writings, if plainly read and understood as he meant them to be, there is really nothing of mystery or concealment. But M. Aroux and his companions in these opinions have thought otherwise, and can only interpret Dante as a mystic, always employing a peculiar and symbolical language under which a hidden meaning is couched, and by which a constant attack upon the Papacy was supposed to be sustained. In this jargon—the so-called language of the *fidèles d'amour*—the most extraordinary interpretations are assigned to the most familiar names. M. Aroux furnishes a key to this symbolical tongue, from which it appears that Adam, the ancestor of the human race, stands in the *Divina Commedia* for Dante himself, in his character of creator of a new form of language; and that Dante is also signified by Ulysses, as the friend of Diomedes, who is the type of the Emperor Henry VII. Eve is the sectarian church in Florence. Bice is not the pretty and affectionate abbreviation of Beatrice, but is B. I. C. E., the initials of Beatrice, of Jesus Christ, and of Enrico, the emperor just named, thus summarizing the political and religious belief of Dante. Beatrice, of course, is not the real daughter of Folco Portinari, but a complex personification of a creed, and various other things. Philippe-le-Bel figures under the aliases of Briareus, Cassius, Midas, and Pontius Pilate; and so on through several pages of equally absurd and arbitrary assumptions. M. Aroux's versification is somewhat irregular, and is singularly unpleasant and unfitted to represent the original; but it is readable, and not without occasional merit.

The work of Lamennais appeared after his death, in 1855, and is not unworthy of its author's reputation. He gives a long introduction containing a synoptical account of the whole poem. His translation is in prose, but it is printed in paragraphs corresponding with the tercets of the original; and as the sense, more frequently than otherwise, terminates with these divisions, the effect of the *terza rima* is to some extent maintained, to the eye at least, if not to the ear, and the reader is reminded that he has before him the translation of a poem in another language. Lamennais's work of translation is only a part, and a subsidiary one, of his labours on Dante, and on the philosophy and history of his time; and Dante must have been regarded by him rather as a great actor in his own age, and as the most distinguished literary exponent of it, than merely as a great poet of Italy. The fame of Lamennais will not rest upon this translation, excellent as it is, but upon what he has done in the larger and wider region of thought and learning of which it forms but a subordinate part.

The names of Barré, Brizeux, Cesena, Costa, Mesnard, Mongis, Ozanam, and other French translators, can only be mentioned; and the work of Louis Ratisbonne (1853 and subsequent years) deserves little commendation. He entered the lists full of scorn for other translators; but was so fortunate as to receive the approbation of Lamartine and Villain, the former of whom went to the absurd length of equalling his performance with the Abbé Delille's translation of the *Georgics* of Virgil. The value of the praise, however, is much diminished by the epithets applied by Lamartine to Dante, whom he calls "abrupte, étrange, sauvage, et mystique"—which words are worth quoting to show how little the person who could use them can have been capable of appreciating the poet to whom they were applied by him. The verse of Ratisbonne's translation is an unreal mockery of the true *terza rima*, with an extremely displeasing and sing-song effect. In the Fifth Canto of the *Inferno* he has adopted the repulsive and very slenderly supported reading—

Che seno dette a Nino, e fu sua sposa.

The latest and, as it seems to us, by far the best French translation of the *Divina Commedia* is one recently published in Paris by Lemerre, and forming two volumes of the *Petite Bibliothèque Littéraire*. It is in prose, and printed, like the version by Lamennais, in paragraphs which represent the tercets of the original. The translator is M. Francisque Reynard, and we believe that this is his first appearance in an independent publication, although he has been for some years engaged in journalism. He has succeeded admirably well in giving the full meaning of the poet, in whose footsteps he follows, without omission, and hardly ever with any addition. His language is well chosen, and is precise where previous translators have been vague or less accurate. A comparison of M. Reynard's work with that of Lamennais, at any portion of it, will afford illustrations of this superiority over the best of his predecessors. Taking, for instance, the well-known opening of the Thirty-third Canto of the *Inferno*, which M. Reynard renders as follows :—

Ce pêcheur souleva sa bouche de la féroce pâture, l'essuyant aux cheveux de la tête qu'il avait par derrière rongée.

Puis il commença :—Tu veux que je renouvelle la douleur désespérée qui me comprime le cœur, rien qu'en y pensant et avant que j'en parle. Mais si mes paroles doivent être une semence qui fructifie l'infamie au traître que je range, parler et pleurer, tu me verras tout ensemble.

It would be impossible to combine absolute fidelity to the original and good style in the translation, to greater perfection than has here been reached. In this passage Lamennais has "l'horrible pâture," where Reynard much more closely renders "fiero" by "féroce." "Il cor mi preme" in the former version is "m'opprime le cœur," and in the latter "comprime le cœur." "Frutti infamia" is in Lamennais "recueille l'infamie"; in Reynard it is "fructifie"; and so on. Both, as we notice, shirk the precise meaning of the word "chiavar" in line 45 of this canto. Lamennais turns it—

Et j'entendis en bas sceller la porte;

and the other has "fermer." These words may both denote either "locking" or "nailing up," the two meanings between which the opinions of translators are divided, whose rival claims to being in the right it would be out of place to attempt to discuss here.

It is obvious that every subsequent translator of a well-known work has the advantage over his predecessors of consulting their versions and of profiting by their labours, adopting perhaps their very words when they cannot be improved upon, correcting their errors, and strengthening their weak points. And if this is true of all translations, it is more especially the case with literal prose translations, in which any two or more persons competent to their task must be expected to be constantly found in almost necessary, but undesigned, coincidence. Making, however, all due allowance for such considerations as this, which tell in favour of the elder and against the more recent translators of any standard classic, we are still inclined to award to M. Reynard a very large amount of praise and admiration for the way in which he has provided his countrymen with the best existing means of becoming acquainted with Dante in their own tongue; and we are pleased to know that a translation of the *Orlando Furioso* by him is now in the press, and that this is to be followed by the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, and probably also by French versions of Tasso and Petrarch.

THE ART OF GOING AWAY.

WE have heard it said that one of the most important social accomplishments is that of entering a room gracefully; but to our mind that of leaving one easily and judiciously is to be preferred. It is painful to see people anxious to beat a retreat from a call or visit, and yet apparently as unable to escape as rats in a trap, although nothing bars their egress, and all persons concerned would gladly dispense with their company. The art or science of departure both from localities and positions is worth studying in great as well as little matters. To understand when to bring to an end a morning call or a public career requires, in a lesser or greater degree, the exercise of the same faculty. No visitor is likely to be popular who has not the tact to leave at the proper time a house at which he may be staying; and no Prime Minister understands his business unless he recognizes the exact moment at which he ought to tender his resignation. Many cases at once present themselves to the mind in which the judicious exercise of the faculty of bringing things to a conclusion is necessary. It is one of the greatest merits of a novelist to know when to wind up his story, and the orator who can sit down at the right moment and in the right way is master of a good half of his art. Preachers sometimes complain that their greatest difficulty is that of concluding their sermons; but in this particular case there is little need for the exercise of any special ingenuity, as an abrupt but early ending is the fault, of all others, which is most readily pardoned by their hearers.

A bulky treatise might be written upon this subject if we had no scruple about violating our own precepts, but we only propose to look at it in some of its social phases. We will not enlarge upon the advisableness of moderation in the length of morning calls, because we lately treated this matter in some detail; and to write an essay instructing people how to get away from their friends would be about as useful as an attempt to teach riding by means of a book. It would of course be easy to multiply palpable truisms on the subject, after the manner of the writer on etiquette who observed that it was ungentle to blow your nose with your table napkin. We might, for instance, point out that it is unnecessary for a nervous bore who has paid a call lasting three-quarters of an hour to announce his withdrawal by observing that he "fears he must go"; for his host would probably mentally reply, in the words of Sir Walter Scott, "Sinful brother, part in peace." Or we might inveigh against the habit to which some ladies are addicted, of waiting to say an interminable quantity of last words after they have risen to leave; but we have come to the conclusion that the regeneration of mankind on these matters is quite hopeless. Although, however, we have little expectation that the virtue of early departure will ever become common, we may point out the popularity of such a proceeding. It is often a doubtful question whether people will be much gratified by one's arrival, but it is almost always certain that they will be secretly glad at one's departure. At any rate, nobody suffers in the estimation of his friends by leaving them with an appetite for his society.

Few people have more or better opportunities of observing the idiosyncrasies of mankind in this matter than owners of country houses. It is often amusing to notice the various methods of intimating an exit which are adopted by different persons in any houseful of guests. Some will try to break the distressing news gently, as if they were afraid it would overwhelm us with

grief, expressing their fears that they "really must go" on such or such a day, probably a later day than they were expected to remain; and it is lucky if the unavoidable regrets expressed by their entertainer do not call forth a reply that they "will do their best to stay a little longer." Others hint indirectly that they are going to deprive you of the pleasure of their company by inquiring where they may obtain frys; while some, on the other hand, say not a word till the carriage is at the door to take them away. Between ignorance as to when some of the guests intend to leave and the sudden departure of others, a host is often thrown into a state of considerable perplexity. To add to these and the other cares of hospitality, some visitors, especially maiden ladies, are apt to bother him about their intended journey for several days beforehand, expecting him to study *Bradshaw* for their edification. At last perhaps they find that they "can't get" to their proposed destination in one day, or at any rate in time for dinner; and therefore they determine to remain a few days longer in their present quarters. When the time arrives for a party of the guests to start for the station, one or two will very likely keep their entertainer in a state of nervous anxiety by making no visible preparations for a start; the servants of others will not be forthcoming, although their masters and mistresses are ready, the carriages at the door, and the luggage on the top of them. Two or three people will want change, too evidently for the purpose of tipping the servants, and the mind of one will be concentrated upon the mysterious disappearance of his umbrella, that of another upon the non-arrival of a letter which he expected that morning, and which he will wish to be carefully forwarded to a place with an unpromisable Welsh name. When the host's mind is occupied with these matters, one of his visitors will probably call his attention to a telegram in the morning papers; and, just as he is about to bid a graceful farewell to the most important of his guests, there will very likely be an outcry that somebody's fly has not arrived, and a rush will have to be made to the stables, where there will be a scramble to provide a conveyance of some sort at a moment's notice. The worst case of all is when a departed guest suddenly reappears, hot and flurried, having left some of his belongings behind him. Seizing his lost property, he wishes his host a breathless good-by, and, springing into his fly with a bounce and a bang, shuts the door, hoarsely calling to his driver to go on as quickly as possible lest he should miss his train. Fortunate and worthy of all praise is he who succeeds in taking his leave easily and courteously, saying the right thing at the right moment, and calmly going away without fuss or hurry.

There is a proper time for everything, and not least for going away. We must not be misunderstood as implying that, as a universal rule, the sooner our guests leave us the better. On the contrary, there are few greater social nuisances than the premature loss of an important member of a well-assorted party. Perhaps everything has been arranged with the best prospect of success, when it suddenly turns out that the most desirable guest of all, who had been expected to stay a week, can only remain for a couple of days. The welcome visitor who leaves too soon is a great offender, and his sin is aggravated when it leads to the extra stay of a decided bore. But a considerable knowledge of character is required by the guest who would stay or go exactly at the right time. It is sometimes difficult to discover whether his host is telling the truth or politely lying when he presses him to remain. The proper hour of the day for leaving is also a matter of some moment. The visitor who goes away at an inconvenient time often gives an immensity of trouble. Many a half-day is wasted by people having to wait at home in order to see a guest off. It is of course desirable to use the most convenient trains, but it is not desirable that a whole household should be disarranged in order that one man may catch an express. It were better that a guest should be an hour longer on his journey than that he should put his entertainer to inconvenience by starting at an awkward moment; for he should remember that his host's recollection of him and his visit will probably be a good deal associated with the occasion of his departure, and it is therefore highly important that that association should be agreeable. One of the greatest difficulties in bidding farewell to a host is to convey to him the impression that you have enjoyed yourself. Expressions of thanks for a pleasant visit are apt to have a stereotyped and conventional ring about them. A hospitable man likes to know that his friends have been happy; but when each of them mutters a sort of little grace on his departure, he feels that they are but paying him an ordinary social compliment, for he knows that they thank their entertainers wherever they go as regularly as they tip the servants. Indeed we once heard of an absent and nervous man who, as he was getting into the carriage which was to convey him to the station, inadvertently tipped his host and thanked the butler for his pleasant visit.

There are unhappy mortals who are so utterly ignorant of the art of departure that more or less decisive measures have to be taken to induce them to leave at all. It is a distressing episode when a visitor has to be assisted in making up his mind to go away, in much the same manner as a lame dog is said to be helped over a stile. It is hard to say which appears the greater fool under such circumstances—the guest or his host. A man is in a decidedly false position when, having enticed another into his house, he is unable to coax him to go out of it again. If the art of departure is difficult, that of ejection is still harder to learn. The reversal of the engines of hospitality is a very undignified proceeding. There are people who are quite callous to all hints that they have stayed long enough. The deterioration of the champagne, the increasing lightness of the

claret, the disappearance of the satin damask furniture under loose covers, and even the feigned indisposition of the host, have no effect on such gentlemen. They say that there is nothing they like so much as to be with you when you are quite alone, nor will anything persuade them to be so faithless and ungrateful as to leave you until you are completely restored to health. As regards the little manoeuvre about the wine, they will seize the opportunity for a conversation on the subject of vintages, and put a strain upon your temper and your veracity by making inquiries as to the age of the special fluid with which you are endeavouring to starve them out. We must not conclude without a word on the constantly recurring difficulty of getting our friends to go off to bed. When wearily sitting up with our guests in the smoking-room to abnormal hours, how anxiously we watch their cigars becoming shorter and shorter! and how mortifying it is, when we think that the happy moment has at last arrived, and that we are to be allowed to retire to rest, to see them calmly light fresh cigars before throwing away the ends of the old ones! But sometimes non-smokers are little better behaved. Repeated hints that it is getting late seem merely to have the effect of making our visitors congregate on the hearthrug; and, just as we are hoping for a real move, a wretch firmly fixes his back against the mantelpiece, and deliberately proceeds to open the Eastern question. We devoutly wish we could put a stop to his untimely lecture as abruptly as we can conclude an article.

DAVOS.

IN January 1657 Dr. John Pell, Cromwell's agent in Zürich, wrote to Secretary Thurloe that the Spanish Ambassador had appeared at "the Grand Assembly of the Grisons at Tavos," and "with solemn protestations pressed them to recall those four companies which serve the French in Italy against Spain." This was probably the first time that Davos came under English notice. The Spanish Ambassador, it appears, lost his labour; the French were paying their Graubündner mercenaries so handsomely that the latter refused to quit the service, and the Spanish Ambassador threatened to stop the yearly pensions which he was wont to distribute in the rugged valleys of Rhetia. Thirty years later Bishop Burnet travelled through Graubünden, though it does not appear that he visited Davos. The deputies of the Three Rhetian Leagues, who assembled in turn at Davos, Ilanz, and Chur, met that year at the latter place, where Burnet was staying. He gained an insight into the character of the Spanish "pensions," of which he wrote:—"There is a Grison regiment kept still in pay by the Spaniards; there are in it twelve companies of fifty apiece, and the captains have a thousand crowns pay, though they are not obliged to attend upon the service. This is a pension paid under a more decent name to the most considerable men of the country, and this is shared among them without any distinction of Protestant and Papist, and is believed to sway their counsels much. The peasants are apt to take fire, and to believe they are betrayed by these pensioners of Spain." He observed that the peasants of Graubünden had the same dislike to the Spaniards as the peasants of Switzerland had to the French. "The good men among them" were "extremely sensible of a great dissolution of morals that the Spanish service brings among them." According to a legend current both in the valley of Davos and in Ober-Wallis, Davos was first discovered in the middle of the thirteenth century by the huntsmen of Donat, the powerful Freiherr von Vatz. The dynasty of Vatz, now quite extinct, played an important part in Swiss history; and it is probably due to this family, of whose anti-ecclesiastical leanings terrible stories are related by the monastic chroniclers, that Rhetia did not finally become an Austrian province, like its neighbours Vorarlberg, Tyrol, and Lichtenstein. The hunters, according to the story, were pursuing the wild beasts in the dense forests of Alvaneu (Alba nova), above the now famous baths on the banks of the Landwasser, when they determined to follow up the beasts along the course of the mountain torrent. Passing between the two mountains on whose slopes the villages of Wiesen and Jenisberg now look across at one another over the profound ravine, they pushed their way through the terrible gorges known as the Züge, where the avalanches still make the post-road dangerous, into a high green valley with rich pastures, clear mountain streams, and two beautiful lakes swarming with fish. They hastened back to Donat with the tidings of their wonderful discovery. He named the newly-found land, from its situation, "Davos" (in the popular dialect "Dafnas," Romansch "Tavan," Italian "Tavate"), meaning "behind." For a few years the Valley of Davos was exclusively used as a hunting-ground, and its lakes for fishing. But in the year 1250, according to the local tradition, the Lord of Vatz sent twelve hunters, "four noble families and eight common households," to settle on the spot. They were natives of Ober-Wallis, "freie deutsche Walser," as their descendants say. They were chosen because they were already used to a rough climate, a long winter, and the chase. The original settlers or planters of the Davosthal had a long and hard fight with the wild beasts. The heads of wolves taken in the valley are still to be seen nailed under the roof of the old Rathhaus, the same building in which the deputies of the Ten Jurisdictions listened to the complaint of the Spanish Ambassador. The Rathhaus also possesses the great net into which the wolves were driven in order to be shot down. By an ordinance in the Davos Landbuch, dated 1646, the Landammann was required to pay five crowns, or eight gulden, out of

the common purse for every head of a bear or wolf killed within the jurisdiction of Davos. A similar sum was added from the common purse of the League.

The rights and liberties which were enjoyed by the group of "Free Walsers" in Davos continually attracted other settlers of German origin. As early as the year 1321, troops of brave young fellows went forth from the prosperous Walser colony to follow the banner of the Lords of Vatz, and the Davosers contributed substantially to their victories over the Bishops of Chur. The high Alpine valley produced astute statesmen as well as brave fighting men; and when the powerful Graf Friedrich von Toggenburg, the heir of the Vatz family, died in 1436 without heirs, and the men of the Ten Jurisdictions declared themselves to be free men, and their communes to be free States, Davos was at once appointed "Vorort" of the Zehngerichtenbund. Every one took an oath to subject himself to the decision of the majority of voters. The constitution of this League, as fixed at its origin in 1436, remained substantially the same in the seventeenth century, and Burnet's description of it is scrupulously correct. When the Three Leagues of Rhetia united in a common confederation at Vazerol in 1471, the Platz at the foot of the Strela, which is fast becoming a rival to Nizza and Mentone, was raised to the dignity of a Vorort of "the Republic of the Grisons," whose favour was courted by the mightiest princes of Europe. Where the bears had growled and the wolves ravaged, the deputies of the democratic communes of the Three Leagues assembled every third year, in turn with Ilanz and the venerable city of Chur. The Bundestag was held in January when it assembled at Chur or Ilanz; but, when the turn of Davos came, it was shifted to October, in order that the foreign ambassador might not have to risk the danger of the frequent avalanches, or force his way into a parliament house which often, during the winter months, stood in ten feet of snow. They had no conception that it was one day to become a principal *Winter-Curort* of ailing humanity. Davos, as a Vorort, had important privileges. The Gemeinde-Landammann of Davos was, as such, the head of the League of the Ten Jurisdictions (Bundes-Landammann); the other leading officials of the League were obliged to be Davosers; and, as a rule, the Kriegs-obersten who took the Spanish "pensions" in the seventeenth century, and those who led the men of Davos against the Spaniard in French pay, were "freie Walser" from Davos. The fine old stone houses, with armorial shields over their doorways, which occur at different spots in the valley, belonged to the old diplomatic-warrior families, who settled down in their native land rich with foreign spoil. In the seventeenth century the clothes of a Republican "Herr" in a Rhetian valley cost 8000 gulden. By far the most stately of these houses now forms the main part of the handsome "Kurhaus" or "Seehof" at Dörfli, and it is still popularly called the "Gros Hus" and "z' Cummissarisch Hus." The ceilings and panellings of the old rooms afford some indication of the enormous wealth and the cultivated taste of the old families. The local tradition says that the old stone houses in the valley were built by the nobles, and the old wooden houses by the commoners.

Herr Leonhardi has pithily called Davos "Eine einsame Gebirgsinsel"—a lonely, green, inhabited island in the midst of a sea of mountains. Its earliest settlers may similarly be said to have constituted a Teutonic island-colony surrounded by a Romansch sea. The local nomenclature in and around the Davos valley is partly Romansch and partly German; but the principal and most populous settlements in the valley—Dörfli, Platz, and Frauenkirch—are plainly German; Monstein is perhaps half Romansch and half German; Glaris and the hamlets, so to call them, of Sertig and Laret, are as evidently non-German. The German settlements differed externally from the first from the Romansch. The latter were invariably built in street-like form, house joining house, as they may still be seen on the sloping sides of the great mountain roads between Chur and the Engadine, where the white villages look like so many fortified towns. The German settlers, on the contrary, scattered their houses and huts in isolated positions on the meadows and pastures like English farmhouses. There are only five places in the valley of Davos to which a passing Englishman would think of applying the name of village—Laret, Dörfli, Platz, Glaris, and Monstein; in each of these a not very dense complex of houses is grouped about the church. The surest confirmation of the Walliser origin of the Davosers is to be found in the similarity of their dialect, upon which an exhaustive lexicon with interesting notes on folk-lore, customs, and history has been compiled by Lieutenant Valentin Bühler. They also possess a community of surnames, and we may further add that the Wallisers and Davosers, before the Reformation, honoured the same patron saints—St. Nicolaus and St. Theodul or Theodor. The old church at Dörfli, with its two clocks, one of which quaintly strikes the hour five minutes after the other, is dedicated to this latter saint. A witness to the scattered German character of the original settlement of the Davos valley still survives, or survived till quite lately, in the curious official division of the valley. Its units were called "Neighbourhoods," and the name is still used. In all German lands the same word (*Gemeinde*) is used for the civil commune and for the Church congregation; but there are few populous places in which the boundaries of the "Einwohner-Gemeinde" and the "Kirchgemeinde" (inhabitants-parish and church-parish) any longer exactly correspond. In Davos the ecclesiastical division is subsequent in time to the political division. The inhabitants of the entire valley, or Landschaft, from Laret on the boundary of the Prättigau to Hoffnungsau at the opening of the gorges of the Züge, constitute one political *Gemeinde*, com-

mune, or parish. Davos in its entirety, including all its villages, hamlets, and scattered households, formed one of the twenty-six old independent republics (*Hochgerichte*) of Graubünden. Davos-Platz, the "Tavos," of which Pell spoke in his letter to Thurloe, as we have already said, was the capital of the Zehngerichtenbund, or League of the Ten Jurisdictions, whose stalwart sons were so valued as fighting men both by France and Spain in the seventeenth century. The political subdivisions of this little commonwealth were not parishes, but "Nachbarschaften," or neighbourhoods. Whatever may be said of Herr Bühler's etymological explanation of this term, there can be no doubt that he is historically correct when he defines the technical Davos "Nachbarschaft" as equivalent to "Nahe-Bauernschaft." The neighbouring peasant-farmers constituted themselves into definite "Mark-genossenschaften," with certain common rights in pasture-land and forest-land. Davos contains fourteen of these so-called "neighbourhoods." Until the revision of the Cantonal Constitution of Graubünden in 1854, and the subsequent great Council of the Canton in 1865, each "neighbourhood" was itself a kind of small Republic, enjoying peculiar rights within its own narrow jurisdiction.

The peculiarly independent character of the Davosers inclined them to the side of the Reformers in the sixteenth century, and the whole valley separated from Rome in 1538. Each "neighbourhood" appointed an ecclesiastico-political official, known locally as a "Chilchag'schworna," or "Kirchengeschworne." These functionaries, in union with the Pfarrer of Platz, Dürfl, Frauenkirch, Glaris, Davos, and two civil assessors, under the presidency of the Antistes, or Pfarrer of the Church at Davos-Platz, constituted the Church-Council or Kirk-Session for the whole valley-community. These "sworn-men" of the Church (*Kirchengeschwornen*) had to subscribe twelve articles, with a solemn oath, which bound them to watch over the morals of their fellow-citizens. Valär in his book on Davos says that the influence of this assembly was singularly favourable to morality. The "Chilchag'schworna" is still elected, but he has lost his office of censor, and each congregation now elects its own Church Council, whose members administer the very small church property, and have the right of assisting the Pfarrer at the administration of the Communion on the High Festivals; the pastor delivers the bread, while the members of the Church Council deliver the chalice. At the Synod of the Evangelical Church of Graubünden, which met during the past summer in Davos-Platz, there was a complaint of the dearth of clergymen for the remote mountain parishes, and it was proposed that readers should be licensed for holding Sunday services. The Church of Graubünden is said to be remarkable amongst the established cantonal Churches of Switzerland for the total absence of rationalistic tendencies amongst the clergy, as well as for the extreme poverty of their stipends. Some of the clergy have a reputation as scholars, and keep up the traditions of a canton in whose quiet personages, both Catholic and Protestant, many a poet, historian, antiquary, and man of science has found a retreat. The church-going habits of the people will surprise the tourist who has hitherto only studied the church-life of the Protestant Swiss in Geneva or in Zürich. The churches are invariably crowded on Sunday morning; afternoon or evening services are unknown.

Some of the Davoser proverbs which have been collected by Herr Bühler deserve notice, not only as specimens of the dialect, but also on account of their contents. "Bis z' Maian Ostara" is the Davos manner of indicating that period which will never arrive. It answers to *ad Kalendas Græcas*, since Easter never comes in May. "When Easter comes in May," a mother says to her child, "thou shalt have a silk dress." "Stän eim Aettas, wiä äin Sattal ammä Schwin" (to stand upon any one, like a saddle on a swine) is a much-used saying. It is generally employed as a criticism upon dress, and is not unfrequently applied to the remarkable treatment of the head or the legs adopted by some of our own countrymen during their Swiss tours. Not far from the Spinabad, lying away from the public road, there is a place whose name has given more trouble to scholars than to natives, and which has probably escaped the notice of the English resident. It is called "Machometti." The people declare that it owes this name to a man who had a great household of daughters or maids—*manche Mädchen* or *Mäde*. The learned have tried to discover Mahomet in the name, and imagine that the Saracens forced their way into this high Rhetian valley, as they have fancied they could trace Islam in other parts of Rætia, at Pontresina (=Pons Saracenorum) in the Engadine, and Sarraz.

BELL-RINGING IN THE PAST.

AT the present day, when the Sovereign honours a Minister with a visit at his country seat we have Special Correspondents and artists who vie with one another in picturing each stage and incident of the route. In olden times the churchwarden was frequently the only chronicler of the fact that some distinguished personage was at a certain place at a certain time; and parish accounts are often the only chronicle where mention of the fact can be found. It may seem to be of the very smallest importance to know that Queen Elizabeth was casually somewhere out of London on a particular day; but perhaps this feeling of indifference

is because the point is associated merely with home surroundings. If among the excavations going on at Rome there were to be discovered in some secret niche the archives of a temple in the days of the Imperial city, containing notes of the presence in the neighbourhood of the fane of Julius Cæsar or Calpurnia, we should quickly find scholars showing their subtlety in dealing with the difficulties of the manuscript, and suggesting readings that might turn apparent absurdity into sense or actual sense into absurdity. Only inferior in interest to fresh details of the Lupericalia, which we are not likely to find, should be the annals of our own parish churches, which contain much curious lore to illustrate the ecclesiastical and social life of the past, and include innumerable references to remarkable historical personages. These documents are now disregarded; but, like the Sibylline books, they will be more appreciated when fewer in number, which they are fast becoming by rot and mildew.

Some reward would be obtained for the pains of search even if the inquirer limited his examination of these neglected volumes to a single class of items, such as the charges for ringing church bells on particular occasions. Frequently these entries are only a meagre account-book statement, yet sufficiently explanatory to recall some historical or local occurrence of interest. Thus a charge in the Lambeth wardens' book, under A.D. 1556, "when tidings came the Queen was brought to bed," confirms Holinshed's representation of this premature rejoicing, a point of which Mr. Tennyson has made good use in his drama of *Queen Mary*. Visits of Queen Elizabeth to persons and places not recorded in Nicholls's *Royal Progresses* or similar histories may be discovered by vestry minutes. She five times attended divine service at St. Lawrence's, Reading; and in 1575 it is mentioned that Her Majesty had a canopied seat in the chancel, with a traverse and hangings of arras, the church being strewn with flowers and rushes. No less than fifteen visits of the same mighty Princess to Lambeth are entered in the church accounts of that place. She dined with Archbishop Parker there in 1568, and visited him again in 1573 and in the following year, the one before his death. On the second of these occasions, the season being Lent, a sermon was preached by Dr. Pearce in the quadrangle, the Queen hearing it from the upper gallery that looks towards the Thames, while the nobility and the rest of the courtiers stood in the other galleries. These galleries, if Lyson's conclusion be correct, are the same that in his day furnished the library. Nicholls gives, under A.D. 1578, a narrative of the Queen's visit to Sir Thomas Gresham at Osterly, but confesses that the date of this visit is not exactly ascertained, and adds it must have been somewhere between the years 1577 and 1579. The church books of St. Margaret's, Westminster, show that it was in 1570, eightpence being paid for ringing when the "Queen's majesty went to Sir Tho. Gresham's and came back again." The story that the courteous host sent hurriedly to London for workmen, and in one night built a wall to divide the courtyard of the mansion because the Queen thought it disproportioned, is attached to this visit. The courtiers' witticism, after their surprise was abated, that a house is more easily divided than united, might have been their own invention; but it sounds suspiciously like Fuller's, who tells the story. The fact that the house was not finished till 1577 at least yielded time enough to build the wall and to make the conceit. A preceding entry in the same document shows that the ceremonial opening of the Exchange preceded the festivities at Osterly. The Exchange is here called the "Burse," but the Queen ordered by a herald and trumpet that henceforth the building should be called the "Royal Exchange and no otherwise." Similar items in the Lambeth books record visits to Lord Sussex, Sir Francis Walsingham at Barnhelm (July 11, 1585), to Lord Boroughs (December 21, 1585), to the Lord Admiral at Chelsea (1587), to Lord Montague at Stockwell, to Lord Warwick, and to Sir George Carey. If history had failed to represent the procession of Elizabeth "like a second Boadicea" to Tilbury, the books of St. Margaret's, Westminster, would have hinted at the fact by recording, on the 8th of August, 1588, the payment of a shilling to the ringers "when the Queen's majesty went from St. James to the camp"; and to the ringers on the 10th, "when the Queen's majesty came from the camp to St. James." There follows a charge of "3d. for two prayer-books when the Spanish fleet was upon the Narrow seas." The Lambeth church accounts have an entry of payment "to two men for bringing the church armour upon breaking up of the camp"; and another recollection of the Armada occurs in the like accounts of Kingston-upon-Thames, being a charge "for ringing when Don Pedro came through the town." Don Pedro, it may be remembered, was a commander in the Andalusian squadron, and next in authority to the Duke of Sidonia. He was taken by Sir Francis Drake, and sent to England, where he remained a prisoner two or three years, till finally released by a ransom of 3,000*l*.

The payments at the church of All Hallows, Steyning, to the ringers when the "Queen of Scots was proclaimed traitor" occur just after a like expression of feeling when the "traitors were taken," meaning those of Babington's conspiracy; the degrees of exultation being expressed by sixpence in the latter case, and eightpence in the former; but a shilling is not grudged on 9th February, 1587, for "joy of y^e execution of y^e Queen of Scots." This verifies the French Ambassador's rescript, who states, 27th February, that Henry Talbot, son of Shrewsbury, left Fotheringay on the 8th, and arrived at Greenwich, where Elizabeth then was, on the following day, on the afternoon of which, he says, the news was current in London, where the bells were merrily pealed.

It is a testimony to the lingering affection for the memory of the Virgin Queen that the day of her succession to the throne was observed by bell-ringing long after her death. We notice in the MS. accounts of the Norman church of St. James's, Bristol, an entry under A.D. 1638, "Paid to the ringers the 17th of Nov., being Queen Elizabeth's coronation day, 12," which is repeated on to 1642. During the Commonwealth of course the practice was suspended; but it is curious that it should have revived at the Restoration and continued to the Revolution, at which period it ceased, the final entry being in November 1688, when there occurs a payment of five shillings to the ringers on "Queen Elizabeth's day."

Evidence of the characteristic fondness for bell-pealing of another of Elizabeth's victims, Thomas Duke of Norfolk, whose death-warrant was thrice sealed and only twice effectually revoked, is afforded by his experiments on the bells of Bristol when he visited that city in 1568, three years before his execution. At the Temple church there, whose portentously overhanging tower might have seemed to forbid violent usage, he had the bells rung to see whether the tower rocked during the process. It must have been well tested if it was not more gently tried than was the belfry of St. John's in the same city, where there is entered in the church book of the same year, "Paid for reparation upon the church at the ringing of the Duke of Norfolk 9s. 11d.," a sum that represents about ten pounds in modern money. In the accounts of the same church, the spire of which crowns the only remaining gateway of the old walled town, is a hitherto unnoticed entry under A.D. 1535, of a charge for "painting the gate and setting up scaffolds against the King's coming"; which entry seems to be the only positive evidence there is that preparations were being made for the public entry of Henry VIII. to Bristol, a place which he is not known to have visited. The King was staying at that time at Thornbury, the seat of his subsequent victim, the courtly Duke of Buckingham, where he was waited upon by a deputation of Bristol townsmen, who presented His Majesty with ten oxen and forty sheep towards his entertainment. It is said that he designed to visit his great Western city, which was only ten miles south, but was deterred by reason of the plague raging within its walls. It was afterwards reported that he came disguised, and secretly viewed the place, with which he was so pleased that he promised to create it into a bishop's see, which it soon after became. That he made no public entry is sufficiently proved by the absence of charges for bell-ringing to celebrate the event. Omission to peal the bells at the arrival of a sovereign or prelate was a species of disrespect formerly visited by a penalty. Archbishop Arundel, A.D. 1410, suspended certain churches of London, "with God's holy organs and instruments in the same," because when in open daylight passing on foot through the city with his cross borne before him, the bells did not ring out. In 1529 Queen Catharine was at Reading, and, in condonation for a like breach of etiquette at her coming in, eightpence was paid to her almoner. In a sermon preached before Edward VI. Latimer tells a well-known "merry tale" of a bishop who on a visitation entered a town without hearing the clash of bells to welcome his coming. "There was one wiser than the rest, and he comes to the bishop, 'Why, my lord,' saith he, 'doth your lordship make so great a matter of the bell that lacketh his clapper? Here is a bell,' said he, and pointed to the pulpit, 'that hath lacked a clapper this twenty years. We have a parson that fetcheth out of this benefice fifty pounds every year, but we never see him.' Perhaps it is no impeachment to the loyalty of the people of Twickenham that, while busied in reaping, they neglected to ring the bells when Charles I. passed through their town. They were, however, in 1647 mulcted in a penalty of 13s. 4d. "for default of ringing in harvest when the King came by twice."

The payments for bell-ringing in the reign of Charles I. sufficiently mark the attitude of particular towns and parishes during the Parliamentary struggle. It would seem to have required some courage in the churchwardens of St. Margaret's, Westminster, to peal their bells in commemoration of the King's accession so late as 1648, but their loyalty was unflinching while the King lived. In 1644 we find an entry of 5s. paid to the "ringers on November 19, the King's birthday," which item is repeated on to 1647. In 1648 a pound is paid "to the ringers on 27 March, being the day of the King's Majesty's inauguration." The action was the bolder inasmuch as their proceedings were evidently watched. Under 1647 there is a payment for rosemary and bays at Christmas, with a further expenditure of 3l. in "fees unto Mr. Frend and Mr. Derham, two of the messengers unto the Sergeant-of-Arms attending the Commons House of Parliament, when their accomptants were committed for permitting ministers to preach upon Christmas Day and for decorating the Church." Their adherence to royalty, however, finally gave way. We find, A.D. 1651, a payment of 6s. "for ringing on the fourth of September upon intelligence of the overthrow of the Scottish army at Worcester" on the previous day; and on October 28, the day of thanksgiving for the same victory, there are payments for pealing the bells and "for hearbes and lawrels that were strewed in the church the same day." Another reminiscence of this fight occurs in 1652, when there is paid 30s. to Thomas Wright for "67 load of soyle laid on the graves in Tuthill Fields, where 1,200 Scottish prisoners (taken at the field of Worcester) were buried." At Wrington, Somerset, where John Locke was born, and where his anti-Royalist father abode, there was sufficient gallantry to afford the ringers a few shillings fee when Henrietta Maria rode through the little town on her way to France. But in 1651 a payment of five shillings to the ringers "for ringing for joy of the route at Worcester," and in 1652 the like

sum "when the Lord Protector was proclaimed" with another payment in 1657 "for God's discovery of the bloody plot against the Lord Protector" indicate that affection for the Stuart interest was anything but constant. Thirteen shillings, however, spent in 1662, the "day when the King was proclaimed, upon the ringers and drummers," showed that loyalty was capable of reviving under favourable circumstances. Montaigne speaks of an anonymous old lady who, during the great encounter between St. George and the Dragon, prudently lit up a candle for each combatant. The churchwardens of old were equally judicious, taking care to extinguish the taper of the defeated party immediately when the fight was over. Under June 1688, in the accounts of St. Mary-le-Port, Bristol, we have two shillings paid for ringing at the birth of the Prince" (the Old Pretender that was to be), and a shilling two days after (June 12th) for "prayers from the Court" for the same unfortunate Stuart. We have then the celebration of the King's birthday, and shortly after there is a shilling outlay for "Prayers during the time of Invasion." The Dutch invasion being successful, there is a liberal expenditure for ringing during two days for the Prince of Orange; and a further sum for "two books from the Court to give thanks for the Prince of Orange." The "peoples' William" was certainly the Royal Dutchman. *Ex uno disce omnes!* In the Christ Church books of the same city we discover, under A.D. 1718, ten shillings "paid for ringing the bells the 4th of November by the special order of the worshipful in remembrance of the Prince of Orange landing and delivering us from Popery and Slavery." The failure of the Old Pretender was of course then fresh in public memory.

RACING AT NEWMARKET.

TEN events, only one of which did not result in a race, made up a pretty heavy day's racing for the Monday of the Second October Meeting. The Clearwell Stakes had been brought forward from the Tuesday to the Monday, which was a judicious step, not only because the race had been dwarfed into insignificance by the great event when run on the Cesarewitch day, but also because, by being run a day earlier, it allowed a longer interval of rest for such of its starters as might be going to run in the Middle Park Plate. The meeting opened with the Royal Stakes, for which only Childeric and Sonsie Queen came to the post. Of course Childeric was at once made favourite; but in the saddling-paddock he lathered so much that backers were frightened, and Sonsie Queen became the more popular candidate. This filly had only run in two races before the present season, one of which she had won, while in the other she had been beaten a length by Jannette. Fordham rode her, and made the running until half-way down the Bushes Hill, when Archer brought up Childeric. At the bottom of the ascent there did not seem to be much to choose between them; but Childeric got a little the best of it, and won a very pretty race by three-quarters of a length. For the Post Sweepstakes several two-year-olds appeared in public for the first time, among others Bowness, a chestnut filly by Julius, who won easily. Then came the Clearwell Stakes. Nothing that had hitherto distinguished itself opposed Rayon d'Or, who had 9lbs. extra to carry. Archer made the running on Ringleader, and as they entered the rails Rayon d'Or seemed to be beaten, but he ran very gamely, and creeping up, he reached the front and won at last, easily enough, by a length. Old Farnese, who was out for the seventeenth time this season, won the T.Y.C. Sweepstakes after a sharp struggle with a two-year-old named Deutschmeister, who gave him a great deal of trouble. In the Second October Stakes for two-year-olds, Witchery was overweighted. Although she was nominally first favourite, three or four others were pretty equally supported. The eight starters ran in a line for nearly a quarter of a mile, and even after they had begun to straggle a little, they ran very prettily. At the distance St. Hilda came away, followed by Cromwell, who was carrying 4 lbs. more than his allotted weight in order that he might have the advantage of being ridden by Fordham. Good jockeyship certainly proved useful to him, for the race turned out to be a very close affair, and he just had his head forced in front at the proper moment as they passed the post. This capital race was followed by an even better one, in which Fordham again took part. Aventurier and Antient Pistol, although only fourth and fifth favourites for this event, which was the Welter Handicap, fought out the race between them, and ended by running a dead heat. Even the next race was a good one, a two-year-old by Dollar, belonging to the great French stable, gradually wearing down and beating the favourite, on whom as much as 4 to 1 had been laid.

On the Cesarewitch day there was plenty of racing independently of the great handicap. In the first event the speedy Preciosa, who seems to have lost her form, was defeated by Mowerina, a two-year-old filly by Scottish Chief, which had previously won both at Newmarket and Baden Baden. Archer rode the winners of both the races which preceded the Cesarewitch, each being a hardly-fought half-length victory. The two-year-old Scurry, which followed the Cesarewitch, produced a far finer race than the great event itself. For the last hundred yards there was a tremendous set-to between Flavius and Devotee, the former winning by half a length. In the Sweepstakes which followed we were reminded of the many changes in handicapper's opinions which have taken place since the spring; for Dalgarn-

who was handicapped within 6 lbs. of Sefton before the Derby could now make no fight at all with Fiddlestring at even weights. Curiously enough, on the Cesarewitch day Reveillon, the winner of the French Cesarewitch, or Paris Omnium, came out for the Heath Stakes; but, although he was a great favourite, he was too heavily weighted to be able to win. The last race of the Tuesday was the Apprentices' Plate—a race instituted exclusively for jockeys who have never won a race before. The lad who rode the winner was within an ace of losing the race, through easing his horse before reaching the winning-post; but, as it was, he just won it by a head. The next day the same boy and horse appeared again in the very first race, and their chance of winning was generally considered to be the faintest of any of the starters. Nevertheless, when the field was within a short distance of home, the novice on his outsider was sailing gaily along three lengths in advance of the nearest of his rivals. Instead of having profited by his lesson of the evening before, the lad made exactly the same blunder, and, to the amusement of disinterested observers and the agonizing anxiety of betting-men, he pulled his horse in before the race was over, and stopped him short on the post. Again he all but lost the race, and again extraordinarily good luck befriended him, and he just escaped defeat. The Bedford Stakes produced about the best race of the meeting, Ultima winning by a head, and Xavier and Episcopus running a dead heat for second place. There was a great deal of reckless betting on a five-furlong handicap which followed, and for which eighteen horses started. In scrambles of this kind much depends upon skill in riding, and on the occasion in question Archer won upon the outsider Satira. One amateur alone is said to have won 6,000*l.* on this unimportant race. Much of the interest of the Middle Park Plate was lost through the scratching of Wheel of Fortune, whose running had stamped her as the best two-year-old public performer of the season. She would have had to carry a heavy extra weight; and it is understood that her owner justly considers that permanent injury may be incurred by a two-year-old through running a severe race under a trying weight. In her absence, Peter, who had hitherto been quite the best public performer after Wheel of Fortune, was made first favourite, and next to him the uncertain Rayon d'Or was most fancied. Scapegrace, who had won the only two races for which he had started, was thought by some critics to have an extremely good chance of success; while others had a great fancy for Massena, who had won a couple of races at the first October meeting, and who had altogether been successful in five races out of eight. Ruperra had been beaten by Peter in the Rous Memorial Stakes, otherwise he would probably have started first favourite on the strength of his Ascot and Newmarket July running. The racing public had so convinced themselves that Gunnersbury was in reality better than his public form demonstrated him to be, that, in spite of his never having won a race, he met with considerable support. Another starter which attracted a good deal of attention was Charibert, the winner of the Champagne Stakes, who had alternately beaten and been beaten by Rayon d'Or, and who came from the stable which held Wheel of Fortune. Eighteen came to the post, all of whom, with two exceptions, are entered for the Derby of next year. Without a single false start they all went away in an unbroken line, which was the exception of the latter, who was carrying 5 lbs. extra. Lord Clive was the favourite, and he won easily; but much surprise was expressed at the very bad running of Phénix, who, after starting second favourite, was beaten off altogether. We have been quite as much astonished as our neighbours at the inconsistent running of some of the French horses, but perhaps in the present instance the crossing from the Continent on the previous Monday, when the Channel was very rough, was enough to account for Phénix's want of form. A couple of two-year-old races, for which large fields started, proved very close contests, the second being won by a head only. A capital day's racing ended by a dead heat between Lancastrian and Zut in a Post Sweepstakes; Bowness, the first favourite, and the winner of the Post Sweepstakes of the Monday and the subsequent winner of the Bretby Stakes of the Friday, being left far behind. The fields on the Wednesday were excellent, ten being the average number of starters for each race.

The Thursday's racing took place in miserable weather. The opening handicap produced a splendid struggle, the first, second, and third being divided by two heads only. Advance, who, after being first favourite, was third, was giving the enormous weight of 37 lbs. more than weight for age to the winner. In the next race the Crytheia colt bolted, luckily in the right direction, and passed the winning-post far ahead of his adversaries, while he was

still in the act of running away. There was more bolting in the Sweepstakes which followed, in which two horses ran away, but not in the direction of the judge's chair. The affair ended in a capital race between Reefer and Paramatta, the former winning by a neck. Later in the day there was another runaway before the Nursery Handicap, Helvellyn, the subsequent winner, bolting for a mile and a half before the start. The great event of the day was the Champion Stakes, which was worth 2,564*l.*, and which brought out several of the most valuable racehorses in training. Betting-men estimated their chances in the following order—Jannette, Verneuil, Petrarch, Silvio, Kaleidoscope, Glen Arthur, Glengarry. From the Abingdon Bottom Lord Falmouth's pair had it all their own way, Silvio leading, closely pressed by Jannette. Could the mare wear down the horse? It seemed doubtful for a short time; but, with the wonderful gameness which she had shown on former occasions, Jannette collared her stable-companion, and beat him at last, very cleverly, by a neck. Kaleidoscope was a very bad third, and Verneuil, who had beaten Silvio at Ascot, was fourth. It is seldom that any racehorse has a more glorious two and three year-old career than that of Jannette. After winning the Champion Stakes, to come out again the same afternoon and beat Clementine in the Newmarket Oaks was a mere exercise-canter for her. Of the three races which followed the Champion Stakes, only one ended in a hard fight, in which the combatants were Archer on Bowness and Fordham on Wifey. Wifey held the lead until that fertile source of tribulation the Abingdon Bottom was reached, when Bowness came up, and, running alongside till near the finish, thrust her head in front as they passed the winning-post.

The first race of the Friday was the Prendergast, for which Lord Falmouth's pair Leap Year and Charibert galloped in first and second. It is becoming quite a common thing to see a keenly contested race between a couple of Lord Falmouth's horses, Hampton, Verneuil, Jester—the winner of the Cesarewitch—and two other horses, fought out the Queen's Plate, but the first-named confirmed previous public running by winning in a canter. A Sweepstakes and the Juvenile Handicap were capital races; in the first La Rosée beat Restore by a head, and in the second Carnethy and Devotees ran a dead-heat. The old antagonists, Trappist and Lollypop, opposed each other for the First Great Challenge Stakes. These are two of the fastest horses in training; but Trappist is very uncertain, and on this occasion he had to give Lollypop 7 lbs.; nor was it one of his "going days," so he only ran fourth, while Lollypop won easily. For the Newmarket Derby there was a very good race. Thurio, who had beaten Inval by a neck at even weights in the Grand Prix de Paris, was now to give him 7 lbs., and the wise men of the Turf thought that this weight would reverse their positions. It was a very fine point between them, but Thurio just held his own, and won by a head. This was the last race of one of the best meetings of the year. During the week most of the very best horses in training had been brought out, and many of the finishes had been of a very exciting character. Victories by half a length, a neck, and even a head, had been rather the rule than the exception, and there had been a fair proportion of dead-heats. Lastly, on three days out of the five the weather was fine.

REVIEWS.

MALLOCK'S *LUCRETIVS*.*

IF a considerable facility for smart writing, an entire want of insight and sympathy, and a perfect omission of anything like real diligence, are qualifications for setting before English readers the spirit of the most profound and one of the greatest of Roman poets, then is Mr. Mallock excellently qualified for the task he has now undertaken. Having made himself a certain kind of reputation by a satire which grossly violated the laws of literary courtesy, and maintained his notoriety by a series of little disquisitions on things in general, a subject in which the difficulty of detecting ignorance is in inverse proportion to the amount of positive knowledge which exists, Mr. Mallock has at last committed himself to a business more fitted to furnish some test of his competence for serious work. The judgment and general ability with which he has acquitted himself are to some extent matters of taste; the charge of want of diligence involves matter of fact, and we therefore give our reason for it at once. We proceed on the simple comparison of Mr. Mallock's performance with what has already been done in his own language. In Professor Sellar's work on the Roman Poets of the Republic there is an essay on Lucretius which cannot be too strongly recommended to all who, being able to read Lucretius, would understand him better, or, not being able to read him, would acquire a trustworthy conception of his qualities as a philosopher and poet. The fact that the *Roman Poets of the Republic* is out of print may be a fair justification for Mr. Mallock's present attempt; it is no excuse for his having failed to study or profit by his predecessor's labours. That he has not made any use of them is as certain from internal evidence as any

* *Lucretius*. By W. H. Mallock. In the Supplementary Series of Ancient Classics for English Readers. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1878.

inference of the kind can be. The evidence consists of repeated oversights and misapprehensions which necessarily imply ignorance of what Professor Sellar has said, unless we suppose that Mr. Mallock had Professor Sellar's essay before him, and fancied himself to be improving on it; a supposition which would not allow Mr. Mallock even the lowest degree of scholarly intelligence. Again, Professor Sellar's work is spoken of by Mr. Munro, a critic who measures his words, in terms of high praise; so that no one who reads Mr. Munro's commentary with ordinary care can fail to be put upon the track of it. Mr. Mallock has made, and wisely so, no small use of Mr. Munro's translation; but this little circumstance almost irresistibly suggests that he has left the commentary alone. On the whole the dilemma stands thus; either Mr. Mallock has used one of the two best authorities not at all, and the other imperfectly, or he is so involved in his own conceit as to be incapable of profiting by good example when it is before him.

That Mr. Mallock has read the text of Lucretius we have no manner of doubt, for he has translated various select passages to testify it. Whether he has read with more than a verbal understanding may partly appear if we consider his exposition simply upon its own merits; but we are free to confess that we stand surprised at its emptiness and poverty when we take into account how much was already done to his hand. English men or women in search of easy knowledge about the classics who take their conception of Lucretius from Mr. Mallock will indeed be in a pitiable case. They will probably think of Lucretius as a very dull, bitter, dry, and prosaic writer of controversial didactic poetry, whose principal use in the world was to show that there is really nothing very new in the *Origin of Species* and modern physics in general. Almost the first thing they learn will be that Lucretius does not set about his work as a poet might have been expected to do it; "he bids all poetic imagination, as a tempter, get behind him." This of the poet who speaks of himself as "musæo contingens cuncta lepore," and glories in the adventure of seeking a new crown, "unde prius nulli velarint tempora musæ." Again, they will be told that, "when Lucretius deals with nature, it is his great aim to lull passion, fancy, and all emotion to rest"; that his descriptions, however picturesque they may be, "are not pictures to be looked at for themselves; they are diagrams to illustrate the text of his scientific discourses." This kind of talk can be described by no other term than nonsense; and it is nonsense which any one may avoid who will either read Professor Sellar or study Lucretius himself without anti-scientific prejudice. It is true that Lucretius does not drag in picturesque description for mere description's sake; and it is no less true of most or all of the great poets of the world, and especially those of Greece and Rome. It is also true that, when Lucretius has a specific thing to say, he puts the distinct saying of it first, and the adornment of it second; and it is likewise true of all masters of language in prose and verse, though not of all in the same degree. Such is the case, for example, with Virgil when he lays down rules of agriculture, and with Horace when he lays down canons of criticism, no less than with Lucretius when he is expounding the Epicurean theory of matter. It is also the fact—and this is the grain of truth in Mr. Mallock's infelicitous remarks—that Lucretius, writing with a view to impart exact knowledge, wants to be specific in statement very often. He will therefore be precise before he is elegant, and in many places he is not elegant at all. But to say (as Mr. Mallock says in effect, notwithstanding a certain amount of lip-service rendered for decency's sake) that the scientific treatment of nature excludes a poetical treatment beside it, and even interwoven with it, is to show an astonishing obtuseness to the power of Lucretian poetry, not to say of poetry in general. Let us take a few lines, the first that occur to us. Lucretius, in the course of one of his least happy physical arguments, brings in the course and changes of the seasons as a parallel case, or, as Mr. Mallock will have it, a diagram to illustrate his text. And these are some strokes in the diagram he gives us:—

It ver et Venus, et veris prænuntius ante
pennatus graditur zephyrus, vestigia propter
Flora quibus mater præspargens ante vias
cuncta coloribus egregiis et odoribus opplet.

inde aliæ tempestates ventique secuntur,
altiturnans Voltumnus et auster fulmine pollens.

Picturesque, indeed, this is not, but it has the grandeur and sweep of imagination before which picturesque detail sinks into nothingness. The verse, too, has a sheer power of sound that makes it impossible to forget. Would that we had more scientific discourses, were their science ever so bad, whose authors could illustrate them with such diagrams as these. "Altiturnans Voltumnus et auster fulmine pollens," says Lucretius, and we hear the battling of mighty storm-winds in the autumn sky. "Indeed!" says Mr. Mallock, "there must be something amiss with your ears; I can hear nothing but the scraping of a chalk point on a black board, and I beg you to observe that there is nothing to see but a lecturer's diagram." Never was a great poet more completely and perversely misapprehended. Mr. Mallock's comments have all a scholiast's littleness without a scholiast's ingenuity. Lucretius does not give us pictures, because he can and does give us something much better. As Professor Sellar has well pointed out, it is not the mere visible shows of nature, but the life and energy manifested in them, that inspire him with poetic sympathy. For searching, delicate, and even tender study

of her various aspects, especially in animal life, Lucretius has no rival among ancient authors, and few among moderns.

The verse translations given by Mr. Mallock in the course of his account of the poem—whose title he renders, we cannot tell why, "*An Essay on the Nature of Things*"—are the least unsatisfactory part of his work. He has Mr. Munro's prose version to keep him straight as to the sense, and its vigorous language has supplied him with many good words and phrases; so that the elementary conditions of translation are pretty well fulfilled. But the effect as a whole is weak and disappointing. The eight-line stanza which Mr. Mallock has used is quite unfitted to represent the severe and sustained dignity of Lucretius. The style is smooth, pretty, discursive, at times almost colloquial; in all which particulars it is the very opposite of the original. Amplifications of a thoroughly un-Lucretian sort are constant. Taking the very first specimen, we find, in I. 6, "Te, dea, te fugiunt venti" turned into "The ruffian blasts take flight and fly" (as if they could take flight without flying); vv. 11 and 12 are beaten out into five; and "Volucres . . . percussæ corda tua vi" is spoilt by the feeble sentimentalism "Every songster feels, on every tree [this is mere padding], its small heart pulsing with the power of thee." At the wonderful appeal to Venus in vv. 29-40 Mr. Mallock has discreetly stopped short, and for that one may be thankful. In III. 838-842 Lucretius's powerful line, "Non si terra mari misceretur et mare cælo," is frittered away in loose paraphrase; and Mr. Mallock makes him talk of the "last dilapidation" of the world, which is not even tolerable English. Altogether we are of opinion that the poetry of Lucretius is infinitely better preserved in Mr. Munro's prose than in the verse of his more ambitious follower. We doubt, indeed, whether the task Mr. Mallock has attempted is practicable for any one who is not himself a poet. But then Mr. Mallock was in no way bound to undertake it.

The literary failure of Mr. Mallock's performance is probably due in some measure to his preoccupation with the scientific aspect of his theme. But here also he has failed no less egregiously, having approached Lucretius neither with sufficient knowledge nor in a right frame of mind. Instead of honestly trying to understand how physical speculation stood in Lucretius's days, how much of the errors of the Epicurean and other systems was due to unavoidable ignorance of facts, and how much to unscientific habits of mind, Mr. Mallock is always thinking how he can best use the bones of Lucretius as sticks to beat Mr. Darwin and Mr. Huxley with. He suggests, though he does not say, that the speculations of Lucretius come to nearly the same thing as those of "our modern physicists" (whoever may be included in that term, which with Mr. Mallock appears to convey a reproach), and that after all neither are good for much. Hence his judgment and exposition are constantly warped. Lucretius, closely following Empedocles, tells us that when life was young on the earth all kinds of forms were produced, monstrous and imperfect ones as well as the ancestors of existing species. Many were incapable of reproduction, and of those which could continue their kind only those survived which had craft, strength, or speed sufficient to preserve them, besides those which were domesticated and protected by man. Whereupon Mr. Mallock observes:—"This theory of the origin of species, it will be seen, is in one of its main features identical with the Darwinian." Now the theory given by Lucretius is not a theory of the origin of species at all, but only of the preservation of those which exist, and the disappearance of other and imaginary ones. The bare conception of a struggle for existence is but a fraction of Mr. Darwin's theory. Not merely struggle and selection, but a constant and orderly process of selection by the interaction of variation and external conditions, is the gist of Darwinism; and of this Lucretius has not even an inkling. Mr. Mallock sees the difference, but he sees it confusedly, and entirely misses its importance. He says that "the Darwinian theory is an advance on, and differs from, the Lucretian mainly and essentially in this—the way in which the variety is produced which is the subject of the selecting process common to both systems." The real difference is that Mr. Darwin's hypothesis, as far as it goes, is a scientific explanation of the facts to be accounted for; that of Empedocles and Lucretius is an invention which may amuse the imagination, but really explains nothing. "The way in which the variety is produced" is just that element of the problem which still remains most obscure. On the other hand, Lucretius's account of the origin of language, where he shows a remarkable advance in scientific conception beyond not only his contemporaries, but many far later authors on the same subject, is passed over by Mr. Mallock without any comment whatever. His criticism on the more general physical notions of Lucretius is hardly more felicitous. The Epicureans held that all matter tended downwards through space, and rejected the supposition that it tended to a given point as a centre. Mr. Mallock describes this latter doctrine as nearly approaching the modern theory of gravitation, and asks "How, in infinity, can there be either an up or down?" Now the supposition that all matter tends to a fixed point in space is utterly different from the modern theory of gravitation; and, as between the assumptions of universal motion of that sort and of universal motion in a given direction (supposed to be empirically known as the *downwards* of terrestrial life), the latter is decidedly the more rational of the two. Again, Mr. Mallock pities Lucretius in very slovenly language for his "incapacity to conceive of the propagation of energy without the propagation of matter," apparently not knowing that it is still a great question among physicists whether

action at a distance is admissible. The context seems to show that by "propagation of matter" Mr. Mallock intends us to understand motion of translation as distinct from vibrations in a medium; on which one may observe that the corpuscular theory of light, which held its ground till within living memory, assumed a "crude form of material projection" no less than the Lucretian system of films, and was open to a similar kind of objections. Mr. Mallock says that to Lucretius "a word, for instance, is a body with a definite shape, which strikes our ears as a stone might"; does he suppose, then, that waves of sound and light have no definite shape, and do not actually strike our ears and eyes?

It is a curious thing that Mr. Mallock should take all this misplaced trouble for the sake of showing that he can learn nothing better from modern science than a tone of barren, petulant, and yet indolent pessimism. He seems to possess that amount of half-knowledge of philosophy which makes people start affrighted from science and see materialism in every bush. Genuine philosophy, from Plato to Fichte, has had no such fears, and is not likely to have any. The men who do the work of advancing knowledge, whether in physics or metaphysics, will go on seeking the truth with a whole heart, unmoved by clamour and complaint, and expecting no other reward than truth itself. Scarcely will they hear the thin voices of the feeble and faint-hearted, who sit with Mr. Mallock and his fellowship whining and bickering over the ashes of dead illusions—

Rixantes potius quam corpora descenderentur.

WEBER'S HISTORY OF INDIAN LITERATURE.*

THIS translation will be welcomed by all Sanskrit students, for it places within the reach of every one a work which has long held a very high reputation. From the days of Sir W. Jones, the great pioneer of Sanskrit learning, our knowledge of the vast literary stores of that language has advanced with ever-increasing speed. The ponderous St. Petersburg Dictionary of Böhtling and Roth, the smaller yet copious Dictionary of Williams at home, the fragment which has been given to the world of the vast and unachievable design of the late Professor Goldstücker, are of themselves sufficient to show the extent of the great and enthusiastic labour which has been devoted to the study of the Sanskrit language. A century ago the Vedas were known only by name; some scholars even doubted their existence; and so little expectation was there of copies being procured that the Jesuits in the south of India fabricated a book which was called a Veda, and appeared in French in 1778 as *L'Ézour Vedam traduit du Sanscrit par un Brame*. This forgery created some sensation in Europe when it appeared, and was not exposed for many years. It was in reality a covert assault on Hinduism; but Voltaire bestowed upon it his latent credulity, expressing his belief that it was four centuries older than Alexander, and the most precious gift for which the West had ever been indebted to the East. The first copy of the real Veda, the mere text without commentary, was brought to England in 1789. This Rig Veda, with its commentary, by the labours of Professor Max Müller and the liberality of the Government of India, is now completely printed in six large quarto volumes. Nor is this the only edition. The other Vedas also have been published, and large parts of them have been translated. It is impossible in our brief space to give more than an indication of the progress of Sanskrit studies; but in every department the same activity and zeal have been displayed. If aught were wanting to prove the earnestness of those concerned, it might be found in their quarrels. Many a hard blow and many a biting sarcasm have been exchanged, much to the amusement, if not to the edification, of the lookers-on. In India also similar zeal and activity have been manifested. Native scholars have rapidly increased in number; their publications are every year more numerous, and the writers set forth their learning in a very pure and masterly English style. Nor is direction and assistance withheld by those in authority. Search for MSS. is everywhere going on under the auspices of Government, and fresh catalogues, some of them of great length, appear at frequent intervals. All the varied productions of Sanskrit writers are thus being brought to light. They will be sifted and examined. The great majority will be cast aside as valueless; but there will doubtless remain a valuable residuum to engage the energies of scholars both in the East and in the West.

The results of all this activity are known only to comparatively few persons. Outside the little world of Oriental scholars the knowledge of Sanskrit literature is generally shallow, vague, and inaccurate; not so much perhaps from a want of interest in the matter, as from the absence of a ready and trustworthy book to supply the required information. Professor Max Müller's *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature* is now nearly twenty years old, and were he to publish, as it is to be hoped he will, a new edition, he would have much to add; something even to amend. But his work covers only a part of the field and deals exclusively with the Vedic literature. It contains many fine passages of learning and eloquence which every man of education must appreciate and

admire, but it also enters into technical details which none but a Sanskrit scholar could be capable or desirous of understanding. It holds a foremost place in literature, but is above the requirements of most men.

The work which we have before us was first published by Professor Weber of Berlin in the form of Lectures in 1852, anterior to Müller's *History*, but a second edition appeared in 1875 with additions bringing it to a level with the knowledge of the period. The author has also superintended the present translation and added supplementary notes. A recast of the whole would have been more acceptable, but the author pleads "the pressure of other labours," and we must be content to accept the best we can get. The Lectures begin with an inquiry as to the date of the Vedas. Dr. Weber neither admits nor rejects the date 1400 B.C., which has been assigned to them on astronomical and other data. He shows that the evidence on which this date rests is very inconclusive; but still he considers that "we are fully justified in regarding the literature of India as the most ancient literature of which written records on an extensive scale have been handed down to us." The hymns of the Rig Veda afford many interesting particulars of the immigrant Aryan people among whom they were produced and preserved. Dr. Weber says:—

In the more ancient of the hymns the Indian people appear to us settled on the banks of the Indus, divided into a number of small tribes, in a state of mutual hostility, leading a patriarchal life as husbandmen and nomads; living separately or in small communities and represented by their kings, in the eyes of each other by the wars they wage, and in the presence of the gods by the common sacrifices they perform. Each father of a family acts as priest in his own house, himself kindling the sacred fire, performing the domestic ceremonies, and offering up praise and prayer to the gods. Only for the great common sacrifices—a sort of tribe festivals, celebrated by the king—are special priests appointed, who distinguished themselves by their comprehensive knowledge of the requisite rites and by their learning, and amongst whom a sort of rivalry is gradually developed, according as one tribe or another is considered to have more or less prospered by its sacrifices.

The Vedas are four in number, and each Veda consists of two distinct parts. It has its Sanhita or collection of hymns, and it has its Brāhmaṇa in prose. The object of the Brāhmaṇas is to connect the hymns with the sacrificial rites and to point out their mutual relations and symbolical connexions. It is obvious that a considerable period must have intervened between the time of the Sanhitas and that of the Brāhmaṇas; still "we find in the Brāhmaṇas the oldest rituals we have, the oldest linguistic explanations, the oldest traditional narratives, and the oldest philosophical speculations." The Rig Veda is in every way the most important. It is the great store of the primitive hymns, and the second and third Vedas are derived entirely from it. The second Veda is, so to speak, the Office Book, the third is the Psalmody. In the former the hymns are arranged with especial reference to their use in rites and ceremonies; in the latter they are arranged for the convenience and guidance of the singing priests. The fourth Veda differs from the rest in the character of its contents, and it is the production of a later age. The primitive religion of the Aryan settlers is that which is found in the earliest hymns of the Rig Veda; and it is to be observed that the mass of hymns covers a considerable period of time, and that the tenth or last book is certainly less ancient than the rest. These early hymns were addressed to the various manifestations of the powers of nature, which were personified and "worshipped as superior beings, and their kindly aid was besought within their several spheres." From these first beginnings may be traced "almost all the phases of religious development through which the human mind generally has passed." The religion of the Vedas has been broadly described as monotheistic, and accordingly the sky and the air, water, fire, the sun, and all the objects of adoration, are said, but not in the book before us, to have been "worshipped as manifestations of the supreme universal God of the universe." This, it must be distinctly understood, applies to the Vedic literature as a whole, not to the primitive religion of the oldest hymns. The authors of these lyrics "saw God in clouds and heard Him in the wind"; but it was the personified cloud or wind itself, not an abstract God behind it. The pointed and direct addresses and appeals to the various deified powers leave nothing to be doubted on this point. In course of time the numerous personifications of the powers of nature were reduced to three—the Sun, the Wind, and Fire, regarded respectively as the rulers of the heavens, the air, and the earth. It is not till the tenth book of the Rig Veda is reached that there is any distinct conception of one God, one Creator. Here we read:—"The Golden One arose in the beginning; born, he was the one lord of things existing. He established this earth. (It is) He who gives breath, gives strength, whose command all, (even) the gods, reverence, whose shadow is immortality, whose shadow is death." Henceforward through the Brāhmaṇas and through the Upanishads, which are a later and more philosophical development of Vedic thought, the great conception grew more and more distinct, and there was at length recognized One Supreme Being and Ruler of the Universe. This end was reached in two ways; possibly by one of them, more probably by both. By the more ordinary operation of the human mind, the attributes of the various divinities were accumulated upon one of them; by the more spiritual and philosophical process it was discerned that there must be, and could be, only one absolute Source of All. Thus the most enlightened of the early Aryans advanced onwards and learned "to look through nature up to nature's God."

We have travelled a little out of the book under consideration in

* *The History of Indian Literature*. By Albrecht Weber. Translated from the Second German Edition by John Mann, M.A., and Theodor Zachariæ, Ph.D., with the sanction of the Author. London: Trübner & Co.

order to give some general conception of the Vedic religion, the source from which has arisen all the varied literature with which the work deals. There is one more curious fact about it which may well be noticed. In the early Vedic days writing was unknown, and there is no evidence to fix precisely the date when it came into use for religious purposes. What is known for certain is that the hymns of the Vedas were handed down from generation to generation by oral tradition. Some great masters of memory became renowned for their respective versions, and numbers of scholars flocked to them for instruction; thus were founded the various *sākhās* or schools of the Veda, each having its own edition, not presenting any great and important differences, but only such verbal variations as might be expected. With one exception these *sākhās* seem to have co-existed in harmony, or at least in mutual tolerance. The exception was the Yajur, or second Veda, the one which, for the purpose of conveying some definite conception, we have called the Office Book. Over this the priests differed and quarrelled, and hence arose two great divisions of this Veda, known as the Black and the White, to account for which names and division a monstrous fable was invented in later times. It is significantly stated that the priests of the Black and the White Yajur were seldom invited to attend the same ceremony, because they quarrelled over the ritual and interrupted the due and seemly performance of the religious rite. In other words, the form had become all-important. Next after the Sanhitas and Brāhmanas came what is known as the Sūtra period, the time when first came into vogue that species of composition so congenial to the Hindu mind—the aphorism, the *sūtra* or “thread” on which words, constituting rules, were strung together in the closest and tersest manner, a sort of *memoria technica* which could be understood only by instruction or the sharpest acumen. These related to religious observances, both public and domestic, and were classified in two divisions, according as they were considered to be the result of direct inspiration or the reminiscences of a revelation not committed to memory or writing in the exact words in which it was received. Last in the series of Vedic literature are the Aranyakas and Upanishads, of which about one hundred and fifty are known to exist. These form part of the Vedic canon, but they vary in age, and are all of them much later than the Sanhitas. They discuss and illustrate the signification of the Vedic texts in a very philosophical style, and enter into those inquiries and speculations which developed into six different schools of philosophy.

After passing in review the whole body of Vedic literature, Dr. Weber proceeds to the second period of Sanskrit literature:—

The direct data, attesting the posteriority of the second period of Indian literature, consists in these facts. First, that its opening phases everywhere presuppose the Vedic period as entirely closed; next, that its oldest portions are regularly based upon the Vedic literature; and lastly that the relations of life have now all arrived at a state of development of which, in the first period, we can only trace the germs and beginning.

In point of age the grammar of Pāṇini and the Laws of Manu stand first; but, placing the epic poetry at the head of this division, the author proceeds to examine the Mahā-bhārata and the Rāmāyana. There is evidence from Dion Chrysostom that the former poem was known in the second half of the first century A.D., and, as no mention is made of it by Megasthenes, who lived four centuries earlier, Dr. Weber thinks it probable that this epic had its origin in that interval. This certainly seems likely, and is corroborated by other considerations. But the final redaction of the poem in its present shape was the work of some centuries later. With Dr. Weber's estimate of the other great epic, the Rāmāyana, we are quite unable to agree. He deems the whole poem an allegory, and says of it:—“We find ourselves from the very outset in the region of allegory, and we only move upon historical ground in so far as the allegory is applied to an historical fact.” His reasons for this opinion are far from being conclusive. There is plenty of the marvellous in the epic, as there is in all Hindu poems, but the characters and actions of the hero and heroine seem to us to be as real and natural as any to be met with in the whole range of Indian poetry. This poem numbers some twenty-four thousand couplets, and is attributed to one author. Dr. Weber thinks that “the whole plan favours the assumption that we have here to do with the work, the poetical creation, of one man.” Certainly the plan and general conception of the poem would seem to have sprung from one brain; but it is impossible for one man to have written all the poetry that bears the name of Rāmāyana, for there are several recensions of the poem which differ very considerably. The later poetry, the artificial production of an age when the writers possessed neither the poetic spirit nor a vigorous practical grasp of the language they employed, is very well described:—

[This poetry] abandons more and more the epic domain and passes into the erotic, lyrical, or didactic-descriptive field; while the language is more and more overlaid with turgid bombast, until, at length, in its latest phases this artificial epic resolves itself into a wretched jingle of words. A pretended elegance of form, and the performance of difficult tricks and feats of expression, constitute the main aim of the poet; while the subject has become a purely subordinate consideration, and merely serves him as the material which enables him to display his expertness in manipulating the language.

One of these writers with perverted ingenuity produced a poem which is esteemed very highly. It tells at once, in the selisame words, the story of the Mahā-bhārata and the Rāmāyana, and may be interpreted as applying to the actors of either one or the other. Dr. Weber gives some interesting notices of medical and astronomical works. Medicine he considers to have been an independent Hindu development; but in astronomy

he discovers very considerable Greek influence. This influence he supposes to have been exercised by the Greek kingdom of Bactria on the western frontier, and by the commercial intercourse between Alexandria and the west coast. The effects of this commerce extended to some distance from the coast; and the inland city of Ujjayini, *Ujjayini*, was in great prosperity at this period. The work closes with an account of the Buddhist books in Sanskrit. These works were discovered in Nepal, now many years ago, by the veteran Orientalist B. H. Hodgson, while he was resident in that country. They are of considerable importance, because they give an independent view of the Buddhism prevalent in the North, uninfluenced by the literature of the Southern Buddhists, which is written in Pali. A fly-leaf at the beginning of the book contains some expressions of gratification at its translation from several well-known scholars. Professor Whitney, of Yale College, heard the lectures as a student when they were first delivered, and he is very warm in his commendation.

A LIGHTHOUSE ENGINEER.*

MR. ROBERT STEVENSON has not left behind him the reputation of his English contemporary of nearly the same name. But the engineer of the Bell Rock Lighthouse deserves not to be forgotten. His achievements as engineer to the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses have been described technically in works on the subjects to which they belong. The peculiar interest of this book, by his son, is in the illustrations it contains of the faith and courage which have raised the art of engineering to its present height. Robert Stevenson's mind saw no bounds to the victories of the engineer; and many of his predictions were more than accomplished, even in his own time. His biographer had abundance of materials upon which to draw. Stevenson began, he tells us, in 1801 a systematic journal of his professional tours, and filled before his death nineteen octavo and quarto manuscript books. In addition, his reports occupy fourteen folio manuscript volumes, and his printed reports four thick quartos. Records of the busy and successful life of a man gifted apparently with a very open intellect might have been expected, when properly fined down and condensed, to result in a very interesting volume. We cannot say that this is the case. The book is dry for the general reader, and not sufficiently to the point for the technical student. Either the raciness must have evaporated in the transfer from Stevenson's own mind to the note-book, or the biographer must have been unfortunate in his selection from the papers in his hands. Some little picturesqueness might reasonably have been expected in the diary of one who lived in the midst of the highest intelligence of Edinburgh—“the Surveyor Viceroy,” as Lockhart describes him; “the celebrated engineer Stevenson, in whose society Scott anticipated special pleasure.”

It is not an amusing volume. Nevertheless, not being a mere effort of book-making, it is a volume with which a reader can amuse himself. Engineering is now a regular profession like the law or the Church. Young men are put into it because it seems to afford an opening, just as they are articulated to a solicitor, or sent to college as a preliminary to ordination. Until the second quarter of the present century special genius forced its way into the vocation of an engineer, as if planning a bridge or a lighthouse were as abnormal a pursuit as writing an epic. Stevenson was left an orphan early by the death of his father, a West India merchant. His mother designed him for the Scottish ministry; but she married again, and her second husband, Thomas Smith, was a furnishing iron merchant, shipowner, underwriter, and lampmaker. In all these capacities he was curious on the subject of lighthouses. As late as 1786, open coal fires were the ordinary method of warning mariners off a dangerous coast. Mr. Thomas Smith suggested the substitution of lamps with mirrors. The Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce preferred coal fires; but in the same year the Board of Northern Lighthouses was constituted. The Board adopted in the main Mr. Smith's invention, and also appointed him its engineer. Stevenson was diverted by his stepfather's example from theology to engineering, and became his partner. During the finer months of the year he built lighthouses from Mr. Smith's plans; in the winter, when the works were necessarily stopped, he studied natural philosophy, chemistry, agriculture, and even moral philosophy and logic, at the University of Edinburgh. When he was twenty-five or twenty-six Mr. Thomas Smith resigned the post of Engineer to the Lighthouse Board. Stevenson was appointed his successor about 1798, and retained the office for the next forty-five years. In the course of a journey undertaken in 1801 to inspect English and Welsh lighthouses he was arrested as a French spy in Cornwall. In those unscientific days it must certainly have appeared very suspicious that a stranger had been seen sketching lighthouses, and heard to “regret particularly the loss of a beacon which the Trinity Board had caused to be fixed upon the Wolf Rock.” In vain did he show letters from the Scottish Lighthouse Board, and introductions to various distinguished persons, to a country justice before whom he was taken. This gentleman was “greatly agitated,” and observed that the documents were merely “bits of paper.” Luckily the Penzance magistrates were more trustful, and gave him leave to pursue his inquiries.

In 1799, shortly after his appointment by the Northern Light Commissioners, he planned the famous Bell Rock Lighthouse.

* *Life of Robert Stevenson, Civil Engineer.* By David Stevenson, C.E. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1878.

This lighthouse, for which the estimates were nearly 42,000*l.*, occupies the site of the legendary Abbot of Aberbrothoch's bell on Inchcape Rock, eleven miles from Arbroath. The preamble of the Act which constituted the Northern Lights Commission recited that navigation and the fisheries would benefit by the erection of four lighthouses, on a rocky coast of about two thousand miles in extent. The Scotch lighthouses now number sixty, and demands are continually being made for new ones. It is an ill wind which blows nobody any good, and the storm of December 1799, which wrecked on the Scotch coast seventy vessels, including the *York* man-of-war, enforced Stevenson's plea for the shipping interest. Many of the victims of that terrible tempest might have found an asylum in the Firth of Forth had there been a lighthouse on the Inchcape Rock. When Stevenson landed there on a visit of inspection he found in its crevices such evidences of recent wrecks as fragments of anchors, a cabin-stove, a bayonet, a cannon-ball, a silver shoe-buckle, crowbars, and coins. In 1802 a Bill was introduced to empower the Board to erect the lighthouse; but opposition raised by the City of London to the range of coast along which the Bill proposed that duties might be levied caused it to be dropped. Not till 1806 was an Act passed, and in 1811 the structure was completed. The Eddystone Rock is the patriarch of scientific sea-beacons, and Stevenson acknowledged gratefully his obligations to Smeaton. The Bell Rock Lighthouse, however, offered difficulties in themselves greater, except that the success of the Eddystone work had indicated the way to overcome them. Besides other differences in Smeaton's favour over Stevenson, the Bell Rock is barely uncovered at low water, whereas the Eddystone Rock is barely covered by the tide at high water. Thus the time which Stevenson's men had for working was reduced almost to zero. At first the masons had to row a distance of an hour and a quarter each morning to the rock. But, after a time, a wooden barrack on a strong framework was erected large enough to hold the engineer and twenty-eight men. A dwelling could not have been very luxurious upon which the tide rose sixteen feet in calm weather, and into which in storms the waves habitually forced an entrance. No steamboat was at Stevenson's command to bring supplies of tools, men, and materials. He had no steam crane to make one man's labour equal to that of a hundred. Perhaps the want of modern appliances of science quickened individual genius. To his straits mechanism owes the moveable jib crane. Still greater admiration may well be excited by the powers of control which kept his little army of artisans intent on a work pursued in the most novel circumstances, and amid very real and ever-shifting perils. A mason is not afraid of a fall from a roof; but it required Stevenson's own example of devotion to endure a battle of years, waged month after month without intermission even for the Scotch Sabbath, with one of the most tempestuous seas in the world.

Following in his stepfather's footsteps, Stevenson improved the system of lighthouse illumination. The Eddystone itself was provided by Smeaton only with twenty-four candles in a glazed lantern without reflectors. Blazing faggots lighted the French *Tour de Cordouan*. In Scotland, so early as 1787, the Lighthouse Board used glass, and afterwards metallic reflectors. On the other hand, the Isle of May Lighthouse, the private property of the Duke of Portland, continued to be illuminated by a coal fire until the purchase of the right to the tower and the dues by the Northern Lights Commissioners in 1816. The coal fire had been kept up liberally, as much as four hundred tons of coal being burnt annually. But it was liable to be mistaken for any shore furnace. Thus in 1810 two King's ships were wrecked through the mistake of a lime-kiln light in Haddingtonshire for the Isle of May Lighthouse fire. Stevenson improved Thomas Smith's appliances, and studied all scientific improvements elsewhere. He also invented, we are told, two useful distinctions—the intermittent and flashing lights. But his abilities were not monopolized by any one branch of engineering. His son claims for him the praise of having been, "if not the original, at least an independent inventor of the system of road-making which is termed macadamizing." To him in great measure Edinburgh owes the broad thoroughfares of which the Calton Hill roadway is the type. There is no evidence that he understood the charm of old Edinburgh, or that the "love for the beautiful," which, according to his son, "rose in him above all other feelings," would have satisfied Mr. Ruskin. For the noble hill and sea views, however, in which Edinburgh has a peculiar right to glory, the credit is due mainly to Stevenson's persistency. He never accepted a notion without testing it by experience. The strange theory prevailed in his day that a road might be too level. By throwing a road up and down hill, it was said, various muscles were brought into action to the great benefit of the horse. Stevenson consulted a distinguished comparative anatomist on the subject, and his own view of the baselessness of the theory was altogether confirmed. Again, he desired, as soon as railways had been introduced into England, to inculcate on the Legislature the necessity of enacting uniformity of width of road and other particulars, so as to ensure easy inter-communication. He planned also a railway system for Scotland. But his engineering ambition outran the financial courage of the public. After all, though the Calton Hill improvements show that he could readily turn his genius into new channels, he was especially a water engineer. There is, his son declares, scarcely a harbour or river in Scotland about which he was not at some time asked to give his advice. To him and his son Alan was due the original design for the improvement of the Tay navigation. The essence of his work consisted in the prolongation of the duration of tidal influence.

The result is that vessels drawing fourteen feet can now come up to Perth in one tide. Previously vessels drawing eleven feet could not ascend as far as Perth during the highest tides. Stevenson discovered the *Limnoria terebrans*, the omnivorous destroyer of all but green-heart-oak vessels. He built bridges which rank among the best specimens of the segmental arch. His fame as engineer of the Bell Rock Lighthouse speedily spread beyond Scotland, and the Admiralty asked him to prepare plans for a lighthouse on the Wolf Rock, eight miles off the Land's End. He prepared drawings, but the design was not carried out. He gained nothing by it but a polite invitation, which he declined, from the captain of a King's ship which had conveyed him to the rock, to run into the Bay of Biscay in search of prizes. In the intervals of the work which these undertakings imposed upon him, he found time to discover new cod banks off the Shetlands, to investigate the habits of fishes, and to write many articles in the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia* and the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. His son claims for him the discovery that the salt water of the ocean flows up the beds of rivers in a stream distinct from the outflowing fresh water. The instrument which he invented to prove this fact he called the *hydropore*. A developed form of this was used by the *Challenger Expedition*.

After the list we have already run through of subjects which occupied Robert Stevenson's attention, it seems rather superfluous for his biographer to express an apprehension that the sketch of his father's career might appear incomplete without some reference to other topics which engaged his attention. He was often occupied as an architect no less than as an engineer. Ancient abbeys, palaces of Orkney earls, and cathedral spires were put under his care. By his advice Lord Palmerston protected his Irish estate from drift-sand by extensive pine plantations. He speculated on the build of ships, the future population of North Berwick, whose prosperity he foretold, and on the lights to be carried on board ships at night. In all these matters, when consulted, he not merely stated his conclusions, but compiled a full history of the subject. This, as his son points out, was the habit of the early engineers. They could not assume that their clients knew anything. They had to be missionaries of natural history as well as of natural science. Stevenson was formed to be a pioneer in the new art. Foresight his son very justifiably claims for him as one of his special characteristics. He maintained the most courageous faith in the prospects of engineering. It must be admitted that his confidence has been confirmed, if not in his own day, at all events in ours. We may add that he was almost as enthusiastic an officer of Volunteers as Sir Walter Scott of the Yeomanry. He was even an Elder of the Kirk, and a member of the General Assembly. To add anything after that to the sketch of a Scotchman's career would be an anti-climax.

BRIGHT'S ENGLISH HISTORY FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.*

WE may as well admit at once that we have allowed Mr. Bright's last two volumes to remain for a long time unnoticed. In the interests, however, of Mr. Bright himself and of critical justice, we do not regret our delay. His work, as people say of Wagner's music, "grows upon one." On a first and hasty perusal we are mainly impressed by the dullness of these two thick and closely printed volumes, for which the utmost we can say is that they are not quite so dull as the first one was. But, taking them all in all, they are entitled to the praise of being "a useful book to have in the house." Our feelings towards them have gradually softened as Nigel Olifaunt's feelings softened towards Mistress Martha Trapbois. That elderly damsel was gaunt and grim, and hard of feature; her manners were not gracious, and her words were not honied. But she was a wise counsellor in perplexity, a good friend in time of need. So, though Mr. Bright failed to enthrall us by the charm of style or of narrative, we discover that we turn to him for information when we want it. This is more than can be said for some brilliant and attractive historians, whose works we read with pleasure, without trusting to them for the accuracy of a single detail. And when we sit down seriously to Mr. Bright, we begin to appreciate his care and painstaking, and to be grateful for the amount of information which he has packed into these volumes, which, whatever criticisms may be made upon them, are in every way a great improvement upon their predecessor. As a work of art, they suffer from having too much material crammed into them, but, as a book of reference, this plethora of facts is not a disadvantage. Thus Mr. Bright gives us such a summary of the Peninsular war as we should expect to find in an encyclopædia under the head "Wellington, Arthur, Duke of." It is dry, technical, laborious, and undeniably useful. But in a school history one desires less detail and a more vivid and vigorous presentation of the leading facts. A misdirected sense of duty seems to constrain Mr. Bright to omit anything that would enliven his military details. He gives two or three pages to Sir John Moore's campaign, but when he describes the battle of Coruña he is content to tell us incidentally that "Moore had fallen in the battle." On the personal incidents which would interest the schoolboys for whom these volumes are written Mr. Bright is silent. He does

* *English History for the Use of Public Schools*. By the Rev. J. Franck Bright, M.A., Fellow of University College, and Historical Lecturer in Balliol, New, and University Colleges, Oxford; late Master of the Modern School in Marlborough College. Period II. Personal Monarchy. Henry VII. to James II. 1485-1688. Period III. Constitutional Monarchy. William and Mary to William IV. 1689-1837. With Maps and Plans. London, Oxford, & Cambridge: Rivingtons.

not waste a word on the dying soldier's hope that "the people of England would be satisfied," or on the hurried night burial on the ramparts of Coruña. Yet, were it not for these incidents, Sir John Moore's campaign would to the non-military mind be nothing but one among our many fiascoes. Throughout the book indeed the military part of the history strikes us as too long and too technical. There is too much of this sort of thing:—

Marlborough and Eugene suggested that the Margrave should retire to his lines at Stolhofen, and hold them against Tallard, while Eugene should bring such of the German army as was moveable to co-operate with the English. The Margrave, however, insisted on the place of honour. Eugene went back to the Rhine, the Margrave joined Marlborough; and the difficulty of the chief command was compromised, the generals were to command on alternate days. After making these arrangements, the armies proceeded on their march through the rough hill country of Wurtemberg. Having crossed the Neckar at Laufen, they followed the course of its tributaries, by Gross Heppach, Ebersbach, and the difficult pass of Geislingen, and finally emerged upon the plains, reaching the Danube at Elchingen, a little to the east of Ulm.

Mr. Bright is at his best when he has to trace the history of religious, social, or commercial movements, or to sum up the conflicting good and evil of some complex character. Such a subject, for example, as the change from tillage to sheep-farming which took place under the Tudors he never fails to treat well. Indeed the chapter on the "State of Society, 1485-1558," is good throughout. At a later period due importance is given to the change in commercial policy brought about by Huskisson, whose measures with regard to the silk and wool trade are clearly described. The Corn-law question is also well worked out, so far as it lies within Mr. Bright's limits. From an artistic point of view, it would have been better had the book been carried down to the repeal of the Corn-laws, instead of breaking off at the death of William IV. The Corn-law struggle by this time belongs to history, and its termination makes an effective wind-up of what we may call the First Reform Bill period. On the social effects of the Reform Bill—"the second act of the English Revolution"—Mr. Bright makes some good remarks; and, though not an enthusiastic supporter of any party, he gives both sides due praise for the moderation with which the one used its victory, and the cheerfulness with which the other accepted its defeat, and made the best of the change it had so strenuously resisted. Altogether, Mr. Bright's account of the internal history of our country during the first half of the present century possesses substantial merits of a high order. We may compare it with the best previous account, on a moderate scale, of this period that we have met with—that given in Charles Knight's *Popular History*. In vigour, spirit, and everything that goes to make a book readable, Knight is far superior to Mr. Bright, but the later author has the advantage of being able to take a historian's view of the subject. Knight had himself joined in fighting the battle of the middle class for power, and, though he was singularly fair and tolerant towards individual adversaries, his work has throughout something of the tone of a hymn of triumph. He represents the feelings of an enlightened *bourgeois* in the heroic age of the *bourgeoisie*. Mr. Bright, looking down on the struggle as a distant spectator, can set it before us as a whole better than could be done by the man who had been himself engaged in it, and can trace out its effects and results with more impartiality and clearness. We may add that he is fuller and more precise in all technical details than Knight, though the earlier writer gives more of the personal and local incidents which help us to form a mental picture of the period.

Although, however, Mr. Bright's style is dry and unenthusiastic, his ideas are not open to the charge of being what is commonly termed "cut and dried." Thus, though he shows no undue favour to the Stuarts, he is far from taking the conventional Whig view of the Revolution of 1688:—

It cannot be truly called a popular movement. Though the whole nation shared largely in it, its direction was chiefly in the hands of courtiers and statesmen of no high principle, to whom liberty meant the diminution of the power of the Crown and the establishment of aristocratic influence. Its strength was derived chiefly from the temporary support of the country gentry and clergy, hurt on their tenderest point—their love for the English Church—and from the acquiescence of the rising moneyed class, who saw in it an opportunity for the better employment of their capital. The lower classes followed blindly as their local rulers bade them.

It would hardly be possible to write more coldly of "the glorious Revolution." No doubt it was not a popular movement, if by a popular movement is meant one set on foot by the masses in order to obtain power and prosperity at the expense of those above them. It was not a war of the "Have Nots" against the "Haves." In this sense there has been no really formidable popular movement in England since Sir William Walworth slew Wat Tyler. But that the Revolution was a movement in which the majority of the nation participated Mr. Bright himself both in this passage and elsewhere admits. He talks of the lower classes following their local rulers "blindly," as he might talk of a Highland tribe which would follow its chief in any quarrel he chose to espouse. The lower classes knew, or thought they knew, what they were about. They feared and abhorred the prospect of a *régime* of Popery, frogs, and wooden shoes—simple formulas which expressed their disapprobation of sacerdotalism in the Church and autocracy in the State; and they followed the lead of the squire and the parson because they believed, and rightly, that the squire and the parson were actuated by the same feelings as themselves. The utmost intelligence which the mass of men can bring to bear upon public matters cannot do more than guide them to the choice or acceptance of leaders who will carry out their general intentions; and

this amount of intelligence the lower classes of 1688 did show. Although, however, Mr. Bright has no great opinion of the directors of the Revolution, exempting from his general condemnation only King William, Lord Somers, and perhaps Halifax, he does not fall into the common error of exaggerating the demoralization of the people at large. Not only among the Nonconformists, but within the fold of the Church, there was more religious life than those who fix their eyes upon the corrupt society which gathered round the Court would suppose:—

The external appearances of the time were worse than the reality. The Puritan feeling was by no means wholly extinct. In all classes, especially among the lower classes, connections and traditions of the great Cause were still kept alive. There were still many men who honestly loved liberty for liberty's sake, and ardently desired some restoration of purity of life. It is thus only we can explain the success and popularity of such a book as Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and the distinct efforts at religious revival of which we find traces. Among the young men in London, religious societies were formed, of which there are no less than forty mentioned a few years later. These societies, which were in connection with the Church of England, bound themselves to a thorough performance of the duties enjoined by the Church, established frequent Communion and public prayer in many churches, and devoted themselves to relieving the poor, assisting prisoners, reclaiming the vicious, and to the education of the young.

It would be easy to extract many good passages from Mr. Bright's history. But they would all be summaries like the above, comments, reflections, or general descriptions. It would be hard to find a bit of direct narrative which stands out sufficiently above the dead level of the book to tempt one to quote it. Compression might do something towards improving the narrative and bringing out points of real importance more clearly. We could spare a good many lines about King James I. and his favourites, and the Essex divorce and the Overbury murder. "Carrión," as Mr. Carlyle remarks with reference to this same Overbury scandal, "ought at length to be buried." We might perhaps extend this remark to the case of the Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke, and Colonel Wardle's unpaid debts. And as Mr. Bright chose to introduce the well-known tale of the eleventh Earl of Shrewsbury's faithless wife, he might have taken the pains to tell it grammatically and intelligibly.

We have hitherto considered Mr. Bright's history as a whole, without entering into minute criticism on details; but some misprints or errors which catch the eye in passing may be noted. At p. 382 we read that "Richard de la Pole, surnamed the White Rose, had died at Pavia. His father had been beheaded by Henry." It was not Richard's father, but his brother, Edmund de la Pole. The father, not being of the blood-royal, which his sons inherited on the female side, was allowed to die quietly, broken-hearted, as was said, by the ruin of his family. Under the year 1532 we are told that "an Act was passed forbidding any one under the degree of subdeacon to plead the privilege of his clergy if proved guilty of felony." This is too sweeping, the Act applying, not to felony in general, but to certain specified felonies. Further on we meet with the common, but erroneous, statement that the Act of Appeals passed in 1533 forbade "all appeal . . . to any court higher than the Archbishop's." Here, again, the Act specifies the class of cases in which appeal is forbidden; it was by a later statute that this prohibition was extended to "all manner of appeals." At p. 493 Mr. Bright tells us that the Act of Supremacy of Elizabeth declared the Queen to be "Supreme Head of the Church." Now this title nowhere occurs in the Act. The Oath of Supremacy which is thereby required to be taken describes "the Queen's Highness," in phrase less offensive to religious feeling, to be "the only Supreme Governor of this Realm . . . as well in all Spiritual or Ecclesiastical Things or Causes as Temporal." At the beginning of the third volume we come upon the statement that, in the Declaration of Right, "the Lords and Commons declared that the dispensing power does not exist." It ought to be well known to any one who has read Hallam and Macaulay that the Declaration of Right just stopped short of making this assertion. Mr. Bright speaks of the Lord High Treasurer Godolphin as a son-in-law of the Duke of Marlborough. In reality, it was Lord Godolphin's only son, not Lord Godolphin himself, who married Marlborough's eldest daughter. Mr. Bright is hardly more fortunate in dealing with another of Marlborough's sons-in-law, Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland. In his text he does not distinguish between this Sunderland, who was Secretary of State to Queen Anne, and his father, Robert, Earl of Sunderland, the adviser of King James and King William; and consequently the maker of the index has rolled the two Sunderlands into one. As a matter of composition, too, it is a fault to talk about "Villiers" in one page and "Buckingham" in another, without ever explaining, except in the index, that Villiers and Buckingham were one and the same man in different stages of his life.

We must not omit to mention two practical merits possessed by the volumes before us. They are well provided with maps, inserted so that they can be drawn out to face any page—a plan which ought to be adopted in all books which are illustrated by maps—and each volume has an index.

THE MONOMANIAC OF LOVE.*

THERE are some books, as there are some people, that are almost too dull to laugh at. There is an excess of stupidity with which laughter will have nothing to do. It sets us yawning

* *The Monomaniac of Love: a Study in the Pathology of Character.* 2 vols. London: Provost & Co. 1878.

at the first moment. We are drowsy before we have even thought of smiling. It is not always easy to discover why it is that one kind of stupidity amuses us, at least for a time, while another kind overwhelms us with utter weariness and disgust. We are inclined to think, however, that what we may be allowed to call scientific stupidity is always tiresome. For poetical folly, romantic folly, even theological folly, something can be said. But scientific folly neither gods nor men can endure. It is to this particular class of folly that *The Monomaniac of Love* belongs, and it stands, we are ready to allow, at that end of the class, whether in this case it be the top or the bottom, where those are placed who are distinguished above their class-fellows for that quality by which the class itself is distinguished above the rest of the world. Though it is, perhaps, the silliest book we have ever seen, yet we have gone through it—we do not say read it, for heaven forbid that we should be able to read two such volumes—with a perfectly grave face. We growled, flung away the book with disgust, only to pick it up with still greater disgust; but we never smiled. We can, we believe, get a laugh out of folly as easily as most people; but here we were hopelessly beaten. The author had at the very first opening flung himself upon us with the whole weight of his stupidity, and had hopelessly crushed us beneath the load. In fact we never recovered our spirits from the state of depression into which we were thrown by his title-page and his preface. What is a "Monomaniac of Love," and what is "a Study in the Pathology of Character," we found ourselves painfully asking? Pathology, to quote the definition of the dictionary, is "the science of diseases." What is then "a Study in the Science of Diseases of Character"? To "A Monomaniac of Love" we might attach some shade of meaning, for we have seen *The Critic* acted, and we remember how Tilburina went stark mad from love in white satin. We should not indeed be surprised to learn that our author has been present at the representation of the same tragedy, and discovered that the writer made a great mistake when he sent off the heroine to drown herself after she had uttered only ten lines of rant. But in Sheridan's day people were sadly ignorant of those psychological studies of which there is so much told us in the preface. They were silly naturally, and as it were by rule of thumb. They were, happily for themselves, free from such scientific silliness as awaits us in our author's opening passage. We will let him speak for himself:—

In the light of modern scientific philosophy the character of the individual man is seen as being, fundamentally, the cumulative result of the gradually evolved habits of his progenitors. It is discerned by minds imbued with that philosophy that *morally*, as well as physically, a unit of humanity is a development that has taken place under the tyranny of heredity. To take an imaginary moral victim, of some extreme form of this tyranny, and morally vivisection him, the author of the following work has thought would make a profoundly interesting study, and he has, therefore, sought in it to thoroughly morally vivisection such an individual. By morally vivisectioning him is not meant analytically describing his character, and giving summings-up, from time to time, of his conduct in general attributes—nothing so scientific as that. What is meant is simply placing him in a succession of carefully pre-arranged circumstances, and then not merely taking note of his actions, but also watching closely what goes on in his mind—minutely observing his states of consciousness, both under their emotional and thought-evolving aspects, so far as they have any palpable relation to the workings of his moral nature. He is not morally taken to pieces; but as a *whole*, endowed with conscious responsibility, he is exhibited under a variety of trying, *specialty-selected conditions* just as he feels, wills, and thinks.

When two young ladies once ventured to call on Johnson, to whom they were quite unknown, and addressed him in a carefully prepared speech, he listened calmly to the end, and then exclaimed, "Fiddle-de-dee, my dears." We do not know whether anything more appropriate could be uttered by those who have read this piece of pretentious folly. "A profoundly interesting study" do you call your work? Fiddle-de-dee, sir, fiddle-de-dee. "To readers fond of psychological studies it will possibly prove," you say, "an amusement to critically seek to discover whether the author has really failed or whether he has succeeded." An amusement! We honestly aver that we would rather be kept waiting a whole morning at a road-side station, with nothing to read but the railway time-tables, than have to amuse ourselves with these volumes. But the author appeals to us on still higher grounds. "In laying bare, as it were with a mental vivisection-knife, the inmost nature of the 'cracked' human being that he has selected for experimentation, he aims at helping to promote, at least to some slight extent, the grave interests of truth." Dogberry, no doubt, also aimed at promoting the interests of truth when he uttered his memorable wish that some one would write him down an ass. But then there are some truths which a man does well to keep to himself, and not to publish to the world. Let not our readers reproach us with impatience. We have often before, when struggling through some silly work, strengthened ourselves with the words of Ulysses, "Endure, oh heart; also before thou hast endured worse things." But this encouragement was now, for the first time, wanting to us. We had never endured anything half so bad as this study in the pathology of character. There was nothing in our experience to which we could liken it. There was no sermon, no lecture, no paper even of the Society for the Promotion of Social Science, that was fit to be the measure of its dullness. We could not take any one of these and say that this story is ten times as dull or twenty times, for its dullness is beyond all powers of measurement, and is not the multiple of any known unit.

But we must place some limits to the expression of the despair

into which we have been thrown by this book, and must try to give some sketch of the plot of the story. The author has made a serious attempt, to quote his own words, "to imaginatively portray madness." His hero, Arthur Howard, is a clerk in an auctioneer's office. Why, when he was carefully pre-arranging circumstances and specially selecting conditions, he chose an auctioneer's office for his monomaniac we are nowhere told. Perhaps he may have been anxious to avoid the least appearance of imitation, and may have thought that an auctioneer's clerk was about as far removed as any one well could be from that earlier study in the pathology of character—Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. Mr. Howard's social position is nicely marked by an incident which in itself is of no importance, but in this "exhaustive study" of his character doubtless was meant to have its proper weight. He had spent the whole of one night on Wimbledon Common, under the influence of "a phantasmic brain-drama." There "he had imaginatively created, in a state of exaltation, representative imagery that enabled him approximately to realize some tremendous immaterial facts in the best way possible for him." He went home when the sun rose, "in time to wash himself and put on a clean shirt-collar before appearing at the breakfast-table." A monomaniac in a somewhat higher state of life would, after spending the night on a common, have put on a clean shirt. But an auctioneer's clerk is no doubt satisfied with a change of collar. This is, as we beg our readers to notice, one of those nice touches which are always to be found in exhaustive studies. Not that the hero was likely always to remember to change his collar, for he was much more the monomaniac of gin than the monomaniac of love, and was too often much too drunk to think of the proprieties of social life. So much indeed was he given to drink, that on one occasion, when pouring some gin down the throat of a young woman who had fainted, "his conduct supplied a striking illustration how actions, seemingly guided by intelligence and will, may in reality be automatic. With him the possession and presence of spirits and a drinking vessel together had been habitually accompanied by a certain set of movements. These, simply through compound reflex action of the nervous system, now repeated themselves. His hands refilled the cup with gin and emptied it down his own throat." What a pity that Mrs. Betsy Prig had never studied psychology! It would have saved her from making an unjust accusation against her friend and partner. Our readers will remember how Mrs. Gamp had in a fit of absence of mind stretched out her hand to help herself to spirits when it was not her turn. "Drink fair, Sairey, whatever you do," said Mrs. Prig. She failed to see, for she had lived too early, that Mrs. Gamp's actions were entirely automatic and were due to a compound reflex action of the nervous system. It was *her hands*—we follow our author here in the impressive use of italics—that refilled the cup with gin, and emptied it down her own throat instead of down Betsy's. The author, it is clear, has thought not a little about these automatic actions. Towards the very end of the story his hero, when "through the abnormal condition of his brain, he was mentally befogged and destitute of volitional power," excited the laughter of the bystanders by his movements:—

He ever and anon stretched out his tightly closed, but empty, right hand, and leaned forward upon it, and then, as a natural consequence, almost fell upon his face to the ground.

This ludicrous action was simply automatic. Arthur was almost unconscious of what he was about, but it being his habit to continually make use of his umbrella as a stick to lean on when walking, his right hand, being now unchecked by reason, acted as if it grasped as usual the handle of his umbrella.

We must do our hero the justice to own that on this occasion he was not drunk. On the contrary, he had for some time been doing his best to cure his own father of his "dipsomania." The plot of the story, if it can be said to have a plot, consists in the discovering of this wicked old father, who had been missing for nearly thirty years. He had been given to drinking, and had deserted his wife. When at last he turns up he is discovered to be a man who, under a false name, had been set as a keeper over his own son, at a time when through drink he had become insane. But the keeper was found to be even a harder drinker than the patient. When the son came back to such senses as he had ever had he was struck with remorse and, as we have said, did his best to save his father. In the extreme measures that he took "he felt satisfied that he was, as it were, acting rigidly as an automaton, exactly as it had been adjusted by his mother to play to her 'prodigal' husband her special part of the 'Monomaniac of Love,' when she herself should be no more." Unhappily at this very moment the automatic action with the non-existent umbrella came over him and he fell to the ground. That "debauched schemer," his wicked father, had been watching him from a neighbouring tavern, and "exclaimed mockingly, 'The Lord hath delivered him into our hands.'" He intended to pour some spirits down the throat of his son while thus insensible, and so to seduce him to drinking voluntarily. But at that very moment a terrific flash of lightning seemed to strike the earth close by, the thunder was sublime in its deafening intensity, and far and wide its mighty jubilant booming resounded as if some victory was being celebrated by heaven's awful artillery. A policeman who happened to be by the spot saw through the space between the steps of the stile the feet and the lower portions of Arthur's legs lying on the ground. He had been struck dead by the lightning. In this position we take leave of him and of the story too, for here it abruptly closes. If, when we thus reached the last page, we sent

the book flying across the room, we hope that the author, should it be any comfort to him, will set this movement down, not to any conscious action on our part, but simply to a compound reflex action of the nervous system. For with us the presence of a silly volume and the knowledge that we have reached the end of it have been habitually accompanied by this particular set of movements.

A NEW TESTAMENT COMMENTARY FOR ENGLISH READERS.*

THE success, at least in a commercial sense, of Canon Farrar's *Life of Christ*, seems to have encouraged the publishers to undertake a theological work of yet higher pretensions and on a larger scale. We have a plentiful store of Commentaries on the Bible in the English language, yet there is nothing that one could recommend to a student ignorant of the original tongues more suitable to his wants than the pithy sententiousness of Matthew Henry, or the verbose dogmatism of Thomas Scott, the grandfather of the great architect we lost so lately. All that modern criticism, constructive as well as destructive, has essayed to do for Biblical lore is absolutely shut out from the knowledge of the readers of these ponderous and, in the main, merely practical works. It was, therefore, a happy thought which prompted Messrs. Cassell and Co. to supply a manifest need, and they boldly sought help from a prelate already well known as a critic and a commentator. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has undertaken the task of editor, not only furnishing an elaborate and graceful Preface from his facile pen, but maintaining withal a close supervision over the labours of those whom he has chosen as his colleagues. The second volume, not yet published, will exhibit a considerable variety of writers, each selected for special acquaintance with the subject of which he treats; the first volume, which comprises the Four Gospels, is almost of necessity written by only two persons, Professor Plumptre, who undertakes the synoptic Gospels, and a less generally known scholar, Mr. Watkins, who is responsible for that of St. John. The peculiar design and purpose of the whole enterprise is thus clearly indicated by the Bishop in his Preface:—

We have at present no Commentary of the New Testament which addresses itself especially to that large and increasing class of cultivated English readers who, believing the Holy Scriptures to be what an ancient writer has defined them to be—"the true sayings of the Holy Ghost"—and knowing and feeling them to be living and abiding words, desire to realise them, and to be able intelligently to apply them to their daily wants and to the general context of life around them. This class largely includes those who are unable to read the Holy Scriptures in their original languages, and to whom the many valuable commentaries, based on the original text, which this country and Germany now freely supply, are unavailing and inaccessible. And yet, even if they could read them, they would hardly find in them all they want. They might find lucid explanations of difficulties, well-chosen historical illustrations, judicious discussion of disputed interpretations, candid investigation of real or supposed discrepancies; still, there would be something yet wanting which, after all, they would feel was that which they most needed, and for which, even amid all this affluence of exegetical detail, they were to some extent looking in vain. This something, this lacking element, even in commentaries of this higher class, it is the especial object and design of our present Commentary at any rate to attempt to supply; and it may briefly be defined to be this—the setting forth of the inner life of Scripture, and that, too, not without reference to the hopes, fears, needs, aspirations, and distinctive characteristics of the restless age in which we are now living.

A few traces appear here and there of that sanguine temperament which is apt to lead those who possess it, while yet putting on their armour, to speak as though they were taking it off; yet this whole Preface deserves careful and repeated perusal. It is one of the few performances of the kind that will bear being read aloud. In regard to smoothness of style, and a certain genial sympathy with his readers, the Bishop resumes once more the manner and spirit of his *Destiny of the Creature* and his *Hulsean Lectures*—books written leisurely in the seclusion of the study, before he was overweighed by the routine toil or fretted by the petty vexations of a great English diocese. Of the substance of the Commentary itself, and of its suitability to the end in view, it is not very safe to speak on a cursory examination; but we have kept it on our library table for some months for the purpose of perpetual reference, and can testify to its perspicuity and perfect fairness. There is indeed a sense in which all expositions of Scripture must needs be disappointing, however careful and elaborate they may be. The sacred text is so full of meaning, its application to the reader's needs are so manifold, that the student is ever on the search for explanations which he fails to find, and is often tempted to complain that the most real and pressing difficulties are passed over *sicco pede* by his adopted guides—and this through no lack of diligence or candour on the part of the latter, but through the mere necessity of the case; the mind of the Spirit cannot be compassed by man's intelligence. With this reservation (which must in all cases be a large one) we can commend Professor Plumptre's labours as well deserving of the acceptance they have

already received from the public. Not but that he is at times a little fanciful in his refinement; as when, in noting St. Luke's variation (chapter xii. 6), "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings?" from the corresponding clause in St. Matthew (chapter x. 29), "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" he remarks that it "seems to reproduce the very bargains of the market-place. The sparrow was of so little value that the odd bird was thrown in to tempt the purchasers." A more reasonable conclusion which he draws from the difference is the proof it affords of the independence of the two Gospels. And here it is right to say that the thoroughness of Dr. Plumptre's treatment of the vexed subjects relating to the origin and connexion of the first three Gospels (for some sort of connexion must exist between them) renders his Introduction one of the most valuable parts of this volume. As, on the one hand, he suppresses no difficulties, so he is careful not to exaggerate their importance; and his examination into the identity of teaching subsisting between the Gospels and Epistles of the New Testament is the more interesting as it is presented in a somewhat novel form. "It will hardly be contended," he concludes under one head, "that so continuous a series of parallelisms between the Epistle of St. James and the Gospel of St. Matthew is purely accidental" (p. xxviii.). Our author, it should be remembered, not only regards the Epistle of St. James, by reason of the nature of its contents, as "perhaps the very earliest document in the New Testament," but has recently lent some countenance to the improbable notion that its writer was James the Great, who was slain by King Herod (Acts xii. 2).

Yet we are not sure that the labour bestowed on the fourth Gospel by Mr. Watkins, who has recently obtained the important post of Principal of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, has not borne better fruit than that of his elder colleague. Few pieces of historical criticism have appeared of late years more worthy of honourable recognition than his vindication of the apostolic authorship and primitive date of St. John's Gospel. While arriving, without the slightest misgiving, at a conclusion which we must suppose every Christian mind would gladly welcome, if true, Professor Watkins employs language at once forcible and pathetic:—

From one point of view the arguments we have now followed will to most readers seem satisfactory; from another point of view they are painful enough. The fact must be apparent to all that many men have followed out these same arguments to a wholly different result. Among them are men of the highest intellectual culture, and with special knowledge of these special subjects; men whose ability no one has a right to question, and whose honesty no one has a right to impeach. And yet contradictory results cannot both be true.

Then, after citing the confident allegations of the author of *Supernatural Religion*, after Strauss and Baur, against the supposition that St. John wrote the Gospel ascribed to him by all antiquity, as also the "calm and decisive words" of Ewald and Canons Westcott and Lightfoot on what we will venture to call the orthodox view on the other side, our commentator remarks:—

In one case or the other the human intellect, honestly inquiring for the true, has been convinced of the false. Plain men may well ask, Which are we to believe, or how can we be certain that either is true? The negative criticism has not shrunk from poisoning its arrows with the assertion that bigotry in favour of received opinions has closed the eyes of its opponents to the light of truth. It may sometimes be so; but, unless much of the criticism of the present day is strangely misread, there is a blinding bigotry which prevents men from seeing the truth of received opinions simply because they have been received. There are minds to which the *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus* marks out an opinion for rejection, or at least for cavil. And yet the world is wiser than any one man in it, and truth has been written in other languages than German, and seventeen centuries of a belief which has borne the noblest results and commanded the assent of the noblest intellects, will hold its ground against the changing moods of the last fifty years.

While both our authors are thus strong in respect to the historical criticism of the books of Scripture, they both seem a little deficient when discussing the criticism of the text—Mr. Watkins indeed rather notably so. It is not that they do not refer us to the ordinary text-books on this branch of their subject, and even give a brief survey of the evidence of ancient manuscripts and versions; but they show no great familiarity with this department of study, and no great facility in examining doubtful readings for themselves. Beza's audacious conjecture of *αὐτῆς* in Luke ii. 22 is adopted in absolute silence, and we are told that the last verse of St. John "is not found in the famous Sinaitic Codex." In spite of the earnest pleading, the rare and exact learning of Dr. Hort, we cannot think the reading "God only begotten" instead of "the only begotten Son" in John i. 18 at all likely to be true; nor is sufficient weight assigned to the evidence for placing the passage relating to the woman taken in adultery (John vii. 53—viii. 11) in what seems its proper place, after Luke xxi. Yet Mr. Watkins, with every other competent judge, has received from these verses "the impression, which becomes more vivid on every fresh study of the section, that they are a genuine record of an incident in the life and teaching of Christ." "It would have been impossible," he truly adds, "for any writer in the early Church to have risen so far above the ordinary feeling upon such a question; and their whole tone is that of the words of Christ, and not of the words of man." A more unfortunate decision than either of the above is that of Dr. Plumptre, who reads *εὐδοκίας* for the common *εὐδοκία* in Luke ii. 14, translating it, instead of "good will towards men," by an expression which satisfies neither the rhythm nor the sense—"on earth among men of good will," i.e. "among men who are the objects of the good will, the approval and love of God." External authority, were it more one-sided than it is in this case, is insufficient to justify a

* *A New Testament Commentary for English Readers*. By various Writers. Edited by Charles John Ellicott, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. Vol. I. (containing the Gospels according to St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke, by the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, D.D., Professor of Exegesis of the New Testament at King's College, London; that according to St. John, by the Rev. H. W. Watkins, M.A., Professor of Logic and Moral Philosophy at King's College, London). London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

change, so slight in itself, being but the addition of a single letter, but in its effects so disastrous both to the clearness and beauty of a grand passage. Far worse is his treatment of the last twelve verses of St. Mark's Gospel; indeed he hardly seems aware of the light which has been recently thrown upon the passage by the masterly researches of the Dean of Chichester. Of course our author perceives that the book could not have ended with verse 8, but then he hazards as his explanation the following curious hypothesis:—"That the Gospel, having been originally completed by the writer, was in some way, by accident or design, mutilated; that as such it was reproduced faithfully by some transcribers, while others thought it better to give it a completion of some kind," chiefly in the form of a very condensed epitome of Luke xxiv. and John xx.

It would be needless to dwell longer on the weakest portion of what is, after all, a considerable effort of sacred learning. As specimens of the hermeneutical skill displayed in the undertaking, a few extracts, drawn from passages involving more or less difficulty, shall now be submitted to the reader. And first, we will see how freely the quotations, or quasi-quotations, from the Old Testament are handled by our senior commentator in two or three cases which must be called the reverse of easy:—

Matth. ii. 23. "That it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called my son." As the words stand in Hos. xi. 1, "When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt," they refer, beyond the shadow of a doubt, to the history of Israel, as being in a special sense, among all the nations of the world, the chosen son of Jehovah (Exod. iv. 22, 23). It is hard to imagine any reader of the prophecy not seeing that this was what we should call the meaning. But the train of thought which leads the Evangelist to apply it to the Christ has a distinct method of its own. A coincidence in what seems an accessory, a mere circumstance of the story, carries his mind on to some deeper analogies. In the days of the Exodus, Israel was the one representative instance of the Fatherhood of God manifested in protecting and delivering his people. Now there was a higher representative in the person of the only begotten Son. As the words "out of Egypt," &c. . . rose to his memory, what more natural than that mere context and historical meaning should be left unnoticed, and that he should note with wonder what a fulfilment they had found in the circumstances he had just narrated?

All difficulty is, however, removed if we say that Israel's return from Egypt was a type or prophetic figure of the return of Christ. Dr. Plumptre's explanation is very ingenious, but leaves unaccounted for the emphatic words of citation, *ὡς πληρωθῆναι, κ.τ.λ.*

In the next passage the case is somewhat different. Justly rejecting the idea of a Nazarene's vow being referred to, he writes:—

Matth. ii. 23. "That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene." He does not here, as before, cite the words of any one prophet by name, but says generally that what he quotes had been spoken by or through the prophets. No such words are to be found in the Old Testament. It is not likely that the Evangelist would have quoted from any apocryphal prophecy, nor is there any trace of the existence of such a prophecy. The true explanation is to be found in the impression made on his mind by the verbal coincidence of fact with prediction. He had heard men speak with scorn of "the Nazarene," and yet the very syllables of that word had also fallen on his ears in one of the most glorious of the prophecies admitted to be Messianic—"There shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Netzer (Branch) shall grow out of his roots" (Isai. xi. 1). So he found in the word of scorn the *nomen et omen* of glory. The town of Nazareth probably took its name from this meaning of the word, as pointing, like our *hurst* and *holt*, to the trees and shrubs for which it was conspicuous.

Really this is too clever to be true. In the face of John i. 46, how can we venture to say, "This seems the only tenable explanation of the passage. It is hardly likely that the Evangelist should have referred to the scorn with which Nazareth was regarded." If Nazareth had not a bad name in that age, it certainly deserved one (Mark vi. 6; Luke iv. 29).

Dr. Plumptre's note on the quotation from Zechariah xi. 13, as found in Matthew xxvii. 9, 10, is conceived in the same unconventional, not to say daring, spirit. Setting aside the elder Lightfoot's not unreasonable notion that the prophecy is cited from Jeremiah, because his book, being actually arranged by the Jews at the head of the prophetic writings, sometimes gave its name to them all, Dr. Plumptre asks:—"May we believe that the writer quoted from memory, and that, recollecting the two conspicuous chapters (xviii. and xix.) in which Jeremiah had spoken of the potter and his work, he was led to think that this also belonged to the same group of prophecies?"—that the Evangelist, in fact, had forgotten his Hebrew Bible. "I am free to confess," he adds, "that the last hypothesis seems to me the most natural and free from difficulty, unless it be the difficulty which is created by an arbitrary hypothesis as to the necessity of literal accuracy in an inspired writing." It is not so many years ago that rash and random talk like this would not have come before the world with a Bishop's *imprimatur*.

In an age like the present we may perhaps congratulate ourselves on the general tone of this work, which is obviously designed to meet the wants of those religious persons—and their number is legion—who are not inclined to welcome novelties for their own sakes, and accept but slowly even what is true out of the mass of modern theories of divinity. Dr. Plumptre, we believe, once sat at the feet of Mr. Maurice, and we turned with some curiosity to the great text, Matth. xxv. 46, expecting there at any rate to trace the master's hand. Nor were we wholly disappointed. There is indeed the same hazy indistinctness, the same superficial thinking, which characterizes that school, but we have also the frank statement of an objection which is quite insuperable. "It is urged that, as we hold eternal life to have no end, so we must hold also the endlessness of the eternal fire," the Greek word being in each clause precisely the same. There is little other like fault to find

with Dr. Plumptre's theological teaching, and Mr. Watkins is absolutely unimpeachable in his orthodoxy. It is impossible to consult the commentaries of either without profit; and they take no slight pains in tracing the current of thought which runs through our Lord's discourses and binds together passages which may at first sight appear isolated. A favourable specimen of this process of mental analysis may be studied with advantage in the notes to the seventh and eighth chapters of St. John. Improved English renderings of Greek words or phrases occur very often, and we seldom find cause to dissent from the judgment of our commentators. One of those we least like is Luke vi. 35, *μηδὲν ἀπελπίζοντες*, "in nothing losing hope," which is certainly the uniform signification met with in the Septuagint (Ecclus. xxii. 21, xxvii. 21), though that of the Authorized Version seems more suitable to the context—"hoping for nothing again." The Vulgate in its best copies fluctuates between the two, "nihil desperantes" with the old Latin, and "nihil inde sperantes." The three Syriac versions, with the Sinaitic and a few other good manuscripts, read *μηδένα*, which of course modifies the sense, and compels us to translate either "despairing of no man," or, as Dr. Plumptre thinks necessary, "driving no man to despair." He is also bold enough to favour, in Mark vii. 19, a construction which was evidently favoured by Chrysostom, although it lay long neglected in recent times. Admitting (what is beyond all question) that the true reading is *καθαρίζων*, not *καθαρίζον* of the received text, he makes the word "purging," or better, "cleansing," agree with the subject of the verb "He saith" in ver. 18. "He saith this . . . and in so saying, cleanseth all meats." The common version of the passage is simply unintelligible.

We might carry these details to any length, but what we have said will suffice to show the general character and distinctive merits of this new candidate for a good place in the Biblical literature of our times. We note here and there a little inconsistency between the spirit in which kindred subjects are treated by one and the other of the two scholars employed upon this volume. It will be for the episcopal editor to eliminate such divergencies in the second volume, wherein, as we said before, the writers will be more numerous. It is the lack of this resolute and unsparing pruning which has made Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible* a mere conglomeration of separate pieces differing as widely as possible in value and importance, and has gone far to mar the success of *The Speaker's Commentary*.

THE FENLAND.*

THE broad characteristic features of that region of England which lies between the East Midlands and the maritime counties of Norfolk and Suffolk are known with almost proverbial familiarity. Everybody has a general notion of what the Fens were before they were drained into the Wash, and of the further enlargement of the dry land by accretion from the tidal marshes. But the local particulars are an interesting study both for the antiquary and the physical geographer, as well as for the economist. This volume consists of different essays upon the Fenland, by two joint writers, who have gained much precise acquaintance with its actual condition from their professional employments during many years. They have gathered also from books and personal testimony some information concerning its past changes, natural and artificial. Mr. Sydney Skertchly is a practical and studious geologist, who has pursued a line of reflection suggested by Dr. Geikie and Dr. Crölli with regard to glacial formations. Mr. S. Miller is an industrious local archaeologist, and has made a collection of extracts and annotations in his readings of English history which bear more or less upon the subject of this volume from that point of view. Several contributions relating to the botany and natural history of the Fenland are supplied by special observers. The arrangement of the chapters is very awkward, putting the historic periods first and the prehistoric last, the drainage before the rivers, the rivers before the sea-coast, the flora and fauna between the climate and the sanitary improvements, and the geology, a long way from its palæontology, after the collection of Celtic and Roman antiquities. We must confine the present notice, however, to what Mr. Skertchly can teach us of the singular physical conformation of the territory, its rivers and drainage, the cuttings and embankments with which they have been treated, and its progressive enlargement by the silting up of the Wash.

The Fenland, if that name may be still kept as a memorial of fens existing in the past, extends about seventy-three miles from its extreme south point to the north, and thirty-six miles from west to east at its greatest breadth. Its mean dimensions, we suppose, would be sixty-five by thirty miles, or rather less. Cambridge stands a little to the south of it, while Lincoln tops its northerly margin; Huntingdonshire, Northamptonshire, and the country between Stamford and Lincoln supply the western boundary; and it encroaches on Suffolk and Norfolk at the other side. Roughly speaking, it consists of three chief portions; namely, the larger and lowland part of Cambridgeshire, which popularly obtained, when it was in great part covered with water, the name of the Isle of Ely, having a real Isle of Ely at its near south end; secondly, the district of Croyland, more properly Crowland, situ-

* *The Fenland, Past and Present.* By Samuel H. Miller, F.R.A.S., and Sydney B. J. Skertchly, F.G.S., of H. M. Geological Survey. Wiesbeck & Leach & Son.

ated north-east of Peterborough; thirdly, the South Lincolnshire Hollands, West and East. It is traversed by four principal rivers—the Ouse, the Nene, the Welland, and the Witham—all pouring their waters into the Wash, a large bay of the German Ocean. But the Wash is in nowise to be considered an estuary of those rivers; its immense mud-flats are brought down by the sea from the North Lincolnshire and Yorkshire coasts; and so the Fenland is not a delta, as we are specially requested to observe.

The whole great level, containing 1,300 square miles, is occupied by such deposits as fen gravel, flood gravel, and peat, and by silt towards the Wash. The raised portions, which were islets, consist variously of chalky boulder-clay, as at Ely, purple boulder-clay, and some gravels which are fossiliferous, containing human and other animal relics of the Paleolithic age. Mr. Skertchly observes that the patches of such "paleolithic gravel," which stand independent of the rivers, are found capping the Kimmeridge clay, out of which, and of Oxford clay in the western districts, nearly the entire basin of the Fens was hollowed. This was, at the close of the Miocene epoch, covered by the chalk formation that still forms the adjacent higher ground of South Cambridgeshire, West Suffolk and Norfolk, and the Lincolnshire Wold. The chalk was carried away by atmospheric agencies, by rains and running waters. This left the underlying Mesozoic beds of Middle and Upper Oolites—namely, the Oxford and Kimmeridge clays, with some Gault clay of the Cretaceous system. Then came the First Glacial Period, when a ponderous sheet of land-ice, descending from the north, carrying flattened stones or boulders stuck in its bottom, shaved the entire region; and hence the boulder-clay remaining in subsequent islands. Mr. Skertchly argues strenuously in opposition to the idea of floating marine icebergs having caused these boulder formations. In the Fenland, it seems to us, that mode of action cannot well be conceived. The chalk hills which yet extend from Flamborough Head to near the Wash, and from the opposite shore of the Wash, south-westward, through the Eastern counties, would either prevent the icebergs coming in, or would hold them comparatively motionless, as in a harbour, secure from oceanic currents. Moreover, the boulder-clays, whether chalky, purple, or lighter blue, evidently take their colour from the neighbouring inland strata, proving that the ice which brought them did not arrive by sea. The chalky boulder-clay is found here and there 300 ft. and 400 ft. thick, and is sometimes 500 ft. above the sea-level. In the district of Brandon it abounds with flints. This cannot, therefore, be regarded as a foreign maritime importation. The next point of geological history discussed by Mr. Skertchly is the recurrence of several distinct glacial periods, with intervening floods and pluvial periods, the ice then melting, and the air becoming overcharged with moisture. To these rains and floods of inter-glacial times he would ascribe the ancient gravels in which are discovered the remains of extinct mammalia, such as the mammoth and rhinoceros, with paleolithic weapons and implements of mankind. He supposes all this human and accompanying animal life to have been expelled by later visitations of cold, which returned again and again. The record of such alternations is read by the geologist in different kinds of boulder-clay and flood-gravel. But, after the final termination of this series of glacial and aqueous vicissitudes, the waters prevailed so as to wash out of the Fenland basin most of its deposited boulder-clay, making it a shallow bay or inland sea. Fen gravel, silt, or mud from the tidal waters of the ocean, which bring in such matter, as we have seen, taken off the north-easterly coast, have since been laid down, and some peat also, chiefly in the Bedford Level. A few isolated pieces of boulder-clay and of "paleolithic gravel" were left to form the Isle of Ely, the Isle of March, the Isle of Chatteris, those of Ramsey, Whittlesea, Thorney, and three or four besides. Such is a brief sketch of the prehistoric or geological changes which may have rendered the Fens what they were twelve centuries ago, in the days of St. Etheldreda, Princess and Abbess of Ely.

The physical alterations that have been effected since those days—partly by the operation of natural causes, partly by human contrivance, this often producing results not at all designed—are an interesting subject to consider. What with draining and embanking, works that seem to have begun in the earliest historical times, and what with silting-up from the Wash, the Fens have become Fenland. A Danish pirate fleet could not sail round Ely now; the plough, the cart, and the railway train now pass where ships and boats used to find navigable channels. The Wash is reduced to an area of 250 square miles; and it is only a question of time, we are told, when the greater part of this will be converted into dry land by the accretion of sandbanks, should it not previously be artificially reclaimed. The so-called Roman embankments, which Mr. Miller thinks may have been pre-Roman, at least in part, the work of Britons instructed by the Belgic Gauls, extended a hundred and fifty miles along the ancient seaboard. They were accompanied, far inland, by a grand trench, the Car-dyke, running along the base of the rising ground on the western verge of the Fen region, from Lincoln all the way to Ramsey. This was probably intended to catch the waters descending from the upper country, and to save the Fenland from inundation. We may suppose that, in later times, the omission to repair such works allowed great part of this region to be again overflowed. Yet it would be an erroneous conception to fancy it all one piece of shallow water, a sort of inland archipelago, with a dozen small islands, each the seat of a Saxon monastery, looking at each other across the liquid space. It may have presented this aspect once or even twice in a year, after winter and summer floods; but its

ordinary condition, for ages before and subsequent to the Norman Conquest, was neither that of a lake or bay nor that of a morass. The parts formed of gravel, situated more inland from the shores of the Wash, and having Crowland, Thorney, and March on their eastward verge, are to be distinguished from the parts of marine silt formation, extending from Spalding to Holbeach and Wisbech. The latter, no doubt, would become marshy or swampy, as did the adjacent Holland of Lincolnshire, from the rupture of seaward embankments, and from the obstruction of draining outfalls. A large extent of salt marsh would be daily covered by the tide. Peat lands, such as those lying east of the Witham above Boston, would become a tract of bog containing many pools and lakelets, with narrow reedy straits connecting them, and abounding with fish and fowl. But the gravel districts, including the principal Fenland places of note in mediæval English history, would be "a vast open plain, covered for the most part with deep sedge, dotted with thickets of alder or willow," interspersed with meres like that of Whittlesea, and much intersected by labyrinthine streams and creeks. The drier and clearer parts would still afford valuable pasture. Such were "the Fens" of mediæval history.

The modern work of reclaiming the Fenland for agriculture and habitation began to be attended to on a large scale in the reign of James I. The Bedford Level was not the first undertaking of its kind. There was a scheme for the draining of Crowland, Deeping, Bourne, Spalding, and Pinchbeck Fens; the first contractor was to have been rewarded with a third part of the land which he could make "summer and winter ground." He did nothing; but in 1638 Sir William and Sir Antony Ayloff improved the Welland so effectually, that plenty of meadow-grass for hay was grown in the fen drained by that river. The peasantry, however, did not like it; and in the confusion of the Civil War the banks and drains were destroyed, flooding the land once more. The Great Level south of the river Nene, stretching from Peterborough to the rising ground of South Cambridgeshire and Suffolk, a portion since known as the Bedford Level, had meanwhile been taken in hand. The Dutch engineer, Sir Cornelius Vermuyden, employed by Francis Earl of Bedford and thirteen other gentlemen, cut the Old Bedford River, in 1637, from Earith, a few miles below St. Ives, in a direction north-east by north, to join the Ouse of King's Lynn, not far above Downham Market. Mr. Skertchly pronounces the whole scheme of Vermuyden, whose works were finished in 1653, a disastrous mistake. The Great Ouse of Bedfordshire was originally quite a different river from the Little Ouse, the latter rising in Suffolk and entering the Fenland at Brandon, to flow thence direct north to Lynn. These two rivers had no connexion with each other; but the Great Ouse, carrying the waters of an area estimated at 2,700 square miles, with the Cam as its chief tributary, found its outlet in a confluence with the Nene above Wisbech. At some unknown date, perhaps before the Norman Conquest, certainly long before the reign of Edward I., a cutting, named Hemming's Lode, from Littleport north-east, altered the course of the Great Ouse and led it to join the river of Lynn. The Wisbech estuary, being thus deprived of a large part of its river water, began to silt up, and the adjacent lands were flooded. At the same time, the lower channel of the Little Ouse, towards King's Lynn, being too small for the vast additional volume of the Great Ouse, that district was likewise flooded. This unhappy condition of the "Marsh-land," as those eastern parts of the Fen country were termed, was the subject of frequent petitions to the King in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries.

Mr. Skertchly remarks that the true remedy would have been to open and widen the outfalls to the sea, both at Wisbech and at King's Lynn, and to leave the rivers, in their channels then existing, each with its full supply of water, allowing them to deepen their channels for themselves. Instead of this being done, the artificial straight channels of the Old and New Bedford Rivers were made, so as to rob the Ouse, in its south-easterly windings, of the due volume and force of that stream, while sluices were erected below to exclude the tidal water. What had once been a fair navigable river up to Ely and the junction of the Cam was irretrievably ruined; a little higher up it dwindled to a big ditch. The Middle and South Levels, by the manner in which the Ouse was tampered with, lost their natural means of drainage; and they suffered deplorably till about fifty years ago, when a better outfall was provided by the Eau Brink cutting at Lynn. In the meantime a great deal of money and labour was needlessly spent on various side-drains, sluices, dams, and other works that would not have been wanted if the river had been let alone. Mr. Skertchly is disposed, in view of such mischievous blunders, to indulge, as he says, "in that strong language which is an Englishman's prerogative"; and he does now and then give us a taste of it, pronouncing a vigorous anathema on Tong's Drain and Denver Sluice. The Nene, which is the river of Peterborough, had been subjected, long before the Ouse, to an equally remarkable artificial change of its course. Bishop Morton of Ely, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, gave his name to a "leam," cut in the fifteenth century, leading the main river east-by-north from Peterborough towards Wisbech. Its ancient course had been south-east, through Whittlesea Mere, and, winding onward, to pass round the Isle of March, thence to mingle with the Great Ouse, joining it by the Well Creek, both together forming the river of Wisbech. It appears that the Ouse and the Nene have at different times been induced to take alternate possession of important channels and areas of land-drainage in the Great Bedford Level. There has been a sad want of unity and consistency in the designs of Fenland improve-

ment. The more recent works for improving the outfall of each of those rivers, with a view to the interests of commercial navigation, at the ports of Lynn Regis and Wisbech, respectively, are not unsuccessful. Mr. Skerthly does justice to the engineers of forty or fifty years ago, showing how they managed in these instances, and in that of the Welland below Spalding, to remedy the mischiefs caused by some of their predecessors. But in the case of the Witham, at Boston, where the outfall has been checked and the tidal inflow stopped by sixteenth-century sluices, the best advice of modern engineers has been disregarded to the present day. Mr. W. H. Wheeler, with an intimate official knowledge of that river, declares that no permanent benefit can be expected till the artificial barrier is removed. The Witham, like other Fenland rivers, has been strangely diverted from its original course. It is considered probable that in Roman times it did not flow to the Wash by way of Boston, but took a more easterly direction, from some twenty miles below Lincoln, reaching the open sea at Wainfleet. In these days, as a glance at the map shows, the Witham and the Welland debouch in one corner of the Wash, the maritime access to which is much impeded by sands and mudbanks.

The Wash itself has great prospective value as a possible Fenland of the future, and we should have liked a fuller account of it than we find in this volume; but the subject may be treated separately. Mr. Skerthly has exercised a judicious discretion in refraining from a detailed examination of speculative projects for the creation of new territory by embankments in the Wash. Yet he frankly avows his belief in their general practicability; and it is to be hoped that England could find means to do as much here as Holland can do in the Zuyder Zee. The task is one that would demand larger powers than those of any local corporation or any joint-stock company of private enterprise. It must be so contrived as to preserve the communications of King's Lynn, Wisbech, and Boston with the sea, while making a large addition to the productive soil of our country. The Government might be worse employed than in performing such a work of national utility, if the physical difficulty be not too great.

A LATTER-DAY NOVEL.*

WHEN we read the advertisement of Colonel Mansfield's *Latter-Day Novel*, the name of the author excited hopes which the title rather tended to dissipate. We knew that Colonel Mansfield ought to be very capable of treating us to picturesque scenes of the semi-Oriental life which he has had ample opportunity of studying; but then a "Latter-day" novel might mean anything, and probably it portended mysticism and hazy speculation. We are glad to say that our hopes have on the whole been realized, while we have been agreeably disappointed as to the subject. The Consul-General at Bucharest has written a straightforward story, in which his knowledge of English life and his foreign experiences are pleasantly blended. There is an interesting and very intelligible plot, of which a good old-fashioned love affair is the pivot; and the shifting of the scenes between Devonshire, Poland, and cities on the Continent, provides variety of incident as well as of character. The story has the recommendation of being shorter than most novels, being comprised within a couple of moderate volumes; and yet it would have gained by further condensation. In the first half of it all goes smoothly, and we have no cause for complaint. Subsequently, however, the author indulges in superfluous digressions, and is tempted out of his way to parade a variety of persons in whose individualities and fortunes we have neither interest nor concern. We admit that the temptation may have been extremely strong to an accomplished man of the world who is familiar with the best-known figures in Continental society, and conscious of dashing off his sketches from the life. Sometimes, too, he seems to us rather more personal and realistic than is altogether conformable to the canons either of art or good taste. Not only does he veil well-known people under exceedingly flimsy pseudonyms, but he drags certain gentlemen into the light who are presumed to be anonymous even in their public capacities. But when we add that the central incident of the plot is improbable in the extreme, that it is simply incredible that the hero should have persisted to the very last in confounding two young ladies whose identities he was profoundly interested in distinguishing, we have said nearly all that is to be said in the way of fault-finding. The novel is essentially a good one; the style is easy, the situations are clever; while we casually pick up a great deal of out-of-the-way information as to societies which one is inclined to regard as lying barely within the confines of civilization.

The hero is a young Polish Count, with excellent English connexions. Valery Krapiski, indeed, might have become a naturalized Englishman had the aunt to whose charge he was bequeathed showed herself half as kindly as she was liberal. She sent the boy to a fashionable private school; she took care that he was supplied with plenty of pocket-money; but she very seldom had him home for the holidays; and, when she did receive him in her own house, she repelled him by her extreme coldness. The truth is that Mrs. Chetwynd, who is admirably drawn and whom death removes too early from the story, was a woman of strong prejudices

and far less kindly than her intimates suspected. She cannot forgive young Krapiski for being the son of the foreign adventurer who had victimized her sister, although the boy belies his father's blood and has a happy art of making friends with most people. But Mrs. Chetwynd is reminded by him of the days when her sister used to trouble her with perpetual appeals for money from her disreputable Polish home; not that she actually grudged the money, but that the asking for it was a reminder of the family misfortune. Valery, on the contrary, has a fond recollection of those early days of his childhood, when his scapegrace father exercised rough-and-ready hospitality in the great Polish barrack which was the family seat—where "the young Count" was worshipped by the old servants and treated as a superior being by the children of the peasants and serfs. So, in place of being a calamity, it is a red-letter day for him when his venerable grandfather comes to remove him from the comforts of the fashionable English academy that he may carry him back to his native Poland. The old gentleman, with no unkind intentions, used his grandson very badly in doing so; but the vicissitudes that befell Valery in consequence make the excitement of Colonel Mansfield's story. We are introduced to the dilapidated interior of an aristocratic household in Warsaw, whose inmates, though freely assisted by their friends, are perpetually pinched for money. They entertain in a dull, poverty-stricken fashion, making up the card-tables for infinitesimal points, like the *noblesse* of the old French *régime* after the Revolution, but without the French taste and dignity. They are waited on by one or two nearly superannuated domestics, who, when their wages are in arrear, as is frequently the case, are well content to go without them. It is but an indifferent school for a boy like Valery; and it does him the more credit that he shows such sterling qualities on his grandfather's death. The old man had been guilty of egotistical recklessness in taking the boy from under the wing of the wealthy Englishwoman. With still more reckless improvidence he has left his grandson penniless; indeed he has died hampered with debts. The old pauper is buried with funeral pomp and semi-barbaric ostentation. All the Polish aristocracy of Warsaw swell the procession; the people crowd the streets to look on; and Valery, who walks as chief mourner behind the coffin, half forgets his pitiable case in the vain exultation of the moment. Speedily he is recalled to sad realities. The nearest friends of his house incline to give him the cold shoulder. A Jew moneylender, who has advanced money to his grandfather, threatens to put in an execution on the furniture. Nobody sticks by him but the old servants. In these circumstances Valery shows a spirit of resolute independence. He determines to earn his own living and goes out into the streets to look for work. He finds employment with a court upholsterer, who rather likes the notion of having a live Count among his apprentices, but treats the young aristocrat with great brutality all the same. Nevertheless honour, intelligence, and industry make their way; Valery makes himself useful to his master, and is promoted to a place of confidence. Even then his salary is very modest, and it seems a singular characteristic of life in Warsaw that the upholsterer's shopman, even though he be the head of the long-descended Krapiskis, is received into very good society. Incidentally we learn something of the habits of the gay world of the Polish capital, and of the relations of the more liberal-minded patriots to the Russian garrison. But it seems likely that Valery will have more to do with the Russians than can be altogether agreeable to him. The Polish revolt breaks out; Valery, who is more easily influenced to his injury than his decision at his grandfather's death would have led us to believe, is betrayed into joining it. The scene changes from the ware-rooms of the upholsterer to the neighbouring forests, where we are introduced to the bivouacs of the insurgent bands. Colonel Mansfield has not drawn a flattering picture of these heroes. A rank and file taken for the most part from the dregs of society are officered by bloodthirsty leaders of disreputable antecedents. There is treachery everywhere. Valery and his new comrades are betrayed by the rascally lad who undertook to guide him for gold from the city to the camp; and then it turns out that he had been betrayed from the outset by the confidential friend who enlisted him for the rebellion, and who has all along been in communication with the Russians. He has the luck, however, thanks to a number of accidents, to come back in a sound skin to his position behind the counter, and furthermore with the credit of having saved the life of one of the enemy. This generous action is recompensed to him many thousandfold. Not only is a free pardon given him in exchange for the life he saved for the Cossack, but the Russian Commandant of Warsaw takes a fancy to him, and in the end he is reinstated by the generosity of the Czar in a handsome proportion of his paternal domains.

To our mind Valery's Polish adventures are by far the most entertaining in the story—certainly they are the most novel. But all the latter part of the time, his heart has been absent in England, in the little watering-place of Baymouth; and the author's more familiar Devonshire pictures are nearly as good in their way as the Polish. Among the people there we have mentioned Mrs. Chetwynd, when we said we sincerely regretted that we had been bereaved of her prematurely. Mr. Fredericks, her confidential friend and legatee, is an admirably drawn specimen of a most estimable class of persons. He is an honourable English gentleman of the old school, refined in his pursuits, and retiring in his habits; but who nevertheless devotes much of his time to the business of the public and of his particular friends.

* *A Latter-Day Novel*. By Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Edward Mansfield, H.M.'s Agent and Consul-General at Bucharest. London: Chapman & Hall. 1878.

It is a heavy blow to him when his friend and admirer Mrs. Chetwynd insists on leaving him her ample fortune, to be absolutely disposed of at his discretion, under certain contingencies. One of the contingencies compels him to make the acquaintance of Count Valery Krapski, a fact which he has little reason to regret. He invites Valery to pay him a visit, and there Valery in turn makes the acquaintance of Miss Lucy Mears, the daughter of a retired Indian general. Lucy is a very pretty girl; but we cannot say we have any great concern in the mutual attachment between her and Valery, nor do we feel adequate sympathy with the troubles that ensue from their misunderstanding each other and the lady marrying somebody else. On the author's own showing, although she has good looks and graceful manners, she is weak-minded and somewhat commonplace in her nature. Nor are we so much won by her stronger-minded cousin Mary Robertson as to envy the man who has married her, happy as she is said to have made him in their home. In fact, Colonel Mansfield's young ladies are comparative failures. Our impressions of them at the best are vague and shadowy, while the features which we do distinguish we rather dislike. He succeeds far better in his mature women of the world, such as Mrs. Chetwynd, the queen of Baymouth society, and the brilliant and accomplished Varinka Zontikoff, "granddaughter of the celebrated Chancellor, Count Kesselrode." Varinka roamed Europe from court to court and capital to capital, and was the friend of the family in every palace from the banks of the Neva to those of the Manzanares. But fortunately the interest of the story is altogether independent of the hero's lovmaking; indeed he is by no means so constant as might be desired, and finds distraction in many passing flirtations. And the rest of his life and adventures will be found exciting as well as instructive.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE late Oscar Peschel* was so voluminous and generally excellent a contributor to reviews and periodicals on geographical and ethnological subjects that, after the publication of a thick volume of his minor writings, collected from such sources, enough has been found to remain for another of equal compass and hardly inferior interest. Though no original investigator, Peschel possessed a remarkable gift for adorning and diversifying any subject by the resources of an elegant style and copious erudition; and there is hardly an essay in this book which may not be read with pleasure. They are for the most part brief; the most elaborate are notices of the Arabian traveller Ibn Batuta and the geographer Masoudi, whose accuracy in his own department contrasts so strikingly with his worthlessness as an historian—a characteristically Arab trait. Other papers of interest are devoted to the commercial intercourse of Europe with India in the middle ages, and to the curious episode of the participation of German vessels in a Portuguese expedition to the East Coast of Africa in 1505, on which occasion Mombas and Quilua were taken and plundered. The German merchants, it appears, had already secured special privileges at Lisbon, and the spirit of commercial and maritime enterprise was more active with them than we should have been prepared to expect. Two other articles, treating of the Italian colonies and factories in the Levant and the Black Sea during the middle ages, possess considerable interest for English readers now that England has appeared as the successor of Genoa and Venice in Cyprus. The island certainly did not prosper in Italian hands, being systematically impoverished for the benefit of its conquerors. A biography of Mercator, and a review of geographical discovery from 1849 to 1856, are also worthy of attention. The second division of the volume is devoted to essays in mathematical and physical geography, less entertaining, but not less able, than the others. Among the best are papers on the figure of the earth, on the modifications in the ordinary diet of civilized nations since the sixteenth century, and on the law which regulates the geological distribution of gold. Lastly, come various ethnological papers and sketches, concluding with narratives of various towns in Switzerland and Italy, written in a very agreeable style.

Although complete in itself, Dr. G. Koerting's *Life of Petrarch*† is designed as the first volume of a comprehensive history of Italian literature during the Renaissance period. Three volumes are to assume the form of biographies devoted to as many representative personages—Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Tasso; the others will embrace well-defined eras of literary history. With this purpose in view, it is intelligible that Dr. Koerting should attach less importance to Petrarch in his capacity of poet than as the originator of the great humanistic movement of his time, the apostle of the classical spirit, and the restorer of classical philology. This side of Petrarch's literary character may indeed have been unduly neglected; Dr. Koerting's treatment of the writings on which his fame rests appears nevertheless too superficial. On the other hand, he is highly successful in pointing out the merits of many of Petrarch's Latin writings, now little read; especially the refined psychological analysis in the *De Contemptu Mundi*, the precursor of a long series of those confessions of intimate feeling which form so conspicuous a department of specifically modern

literature. Petrarch's minor Latin poems receive even higher praise, and Dr. Koerting almost goes to the length of preferring them to the "Canzoniere." They prove, in his opinion, of what excellence the author was capable when he wrote with perfect simplicity. The "Africa" is also commended, but Dr. Koerting admits that the lyrical bent of Petrarch's genius disqualified him for epic poetry. The biographical part of the work is very carefully done, and affords highly interesting, although solid and level, reading. Though partial to his hero, Dr. Koerting is not blind to his faults—instancing particularly his unworthy conduct towards his mistress and her children, his disqualification for the political affairs in which he was so continually mixed up, and his readiness to flatter the great. He refers his hostility to the Papacy of his period solely to political causes, and scouts the idea of his having been in any sense a precursor of the Reformation. On the whole, the execution of this preliminary volume justifies high expectations of the substantial value of the complete work.

The purpose of M. Bikelas's essay on mediæval Greece* is apologetic; he wishes to prove that the Byzantine Empire performed a more conspicuous and beneficent part in history than historians have in general been ready to allow. It is no doubt true that the military prowess as well as the administrative stability of the Eastern Empire has been underestimated, and that the mediæval Greeks would obtain much more favourable treatment but for their pretensions to represent the ancient Hellenes. If M. Bikelas would allow us to regard the Byzantine State as merely one of the semi-barbarous kingdoms which rose upon the ruins of the Roman Empire, he might very reasonably claim for it an honourable rank in its class; but the assertion of Hellenic descent involves the admission of degeneracy. His little volume is nevertheless a useful summary of the titles, not few or insignificant, of the Eastern Empire to the gratitude of the modern world, and an interesting example of the survival of the patriotic spirit never wholly extinct in the worst times; and more likely to flourish now than an intelligent Greek can no longer affect to despise Western civilization, or confound political with merely ecclesiastical patriotism.

The history of Riga, Dr. von Bunje† remarks, admits of being detailed with remarkable precision in its early stages from its annalist's intimate acquaintance with the founder, and his participation in the foundation itself. It was, indeed, more than most cities the creation of a single man, Albert, Bishop of Livonia, who acquired the site and brought the first settlers to the spot. After his time the materials for its history are chiefly documentary, down at least to its subjugation by the Teutonic knights in 1330, when Dr. von Bunje terminates his narrative. His work accordingly consists to a great extent in the publication and explanation of laws and charters, dry reading in themselves, but valuable as illustrations of domestic manners and of the development of German law.

The grievances of the Heligolanders crop up every now and then, and certainly should be attended to on the principle of leaving nothing neglected that could possibly ripen into an international question. They are energetically, yet temperately, expounded by Dr. F. Oetker‡, whose tract on the subject, accompanied with a parallel English rendering, will, it is to be hoped, attract attention in the proper quarter. The principal complaints appear to be the infringement of the capitulation granted upon the acquisition of the island by England, and the precipitation of some recent innovations designed to remedy a state of administrative anarchy whose existence is admitted, but which might, Dr. Oetker maintains, have been remedied by a simple re-enactment of the laws which existed before the English conquest.

Dr. F. Jäger§, so favourably known by his description of the Philippine Archipelago, has recently returned from a thorough inspection of British India, and conveys his views on the commercial and industrial prospects of the country in an interesting little pamphlet. In his opinion the danger to European industry from Oriental competition may prove very serious, and he dwells powerfully on the circumstances which have frequently, but until quite a late period ineffectually, been pointed out by far-seeing observers in England—the redundant population and consequent cheapness of labour, the ease with which life may be supported on a mere pittance, the industry and docility of the people, and the existence of the raw material on the spot.

Germany is the classic land of comparative philology, and the superiority of German scholars combines with their knowledge of foreign tongues to render translations of such works an infrequent phenomenon in their language. The exception made on behalf of the eminent Italian philologist Ascoli|| seems chiefly due to his personal acquaintance with the translator, the late Reinhold Merzdorf, a young man of extraordinary promise, whose career was pre-

* *Abhandlungen zur Erd- und Völkerkunde.* Von Oscar Peschel. Herausgegeben von J. Löwenberg. Neue Folge. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Petrarch's Leben und Werke.* Von Dr. Gustav Koerting. Leipzig: Fues. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Die Griechen des Mittelalters, und ihr Einfluss auf die europäische Cultur.* Ein historischer Versuch. Von D. Bikelas, übersetzt von Dr. W. Wagner. Gütersloh: Bertelsmann. London: Nutt.

† *Die Stadt Riga im dreizehnten und vierzehnten Jahrhundert.* Geschichte, Verfassung und Rechtszustand. Von Dr. F. G. von Bunje. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Constitution and Right in Heligoland.* By Dr. F. Oetker. Stuttgart: Auerbach. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Ostindisches Handwerk und Gewerbe mit Rücksicht auf den europäischen Arbeitsmarkt.* Von F. Jäger. Berlin: Springer. London: Nutt.

|| *Kritische Studien zur Sprachwissenschaft.* Von G. I. Ascoli. Autorisirte Uebersetzung von R. Merzdorf, zu Ende geführt von B. Mangold. Weimar: Böhlau. London: Williams & Norgate.

maturely terminated at the age of twenty-three. The translation alone must have been no inconsiderable undertaking for a young invalid, and in addition to it Merzdorf appears to have occupied himself during his residence in Italy with the study of Leopardi. The most generally interesting of Ascoli's essays is perhaps the introduction, in which he reviews the progress recently made in the restoration of the primitive stages of language, and sketches the characters of Corsen and Schleicher as philologists. The most important, however, is undoubtedly the disquisition on cant and slang dialects, a theme of infinite entertainment as well as philological interest. Some of the slang terms employed in French and Italian are metaphors of no inconsiderable elegance and appropriateness. The subject requires and would repay a much more thorough investigation than it has hitherto received. Another valuable paper contains specimens of the dialect, and illustrations of the traditions and manners, of the Albanian colonists in Southern Italy.

Dr. Horstmann* has found a rich store of early English metrical legends, mostly unpublished, in the Vernon MS., which he has edited in a simple, business-like fashion, with only too little of the ostentation of a commentary. These artless compositions are of course chiefly interesting in a philological point of view; in this respect their value is great, and we should have been glad of some guide to their dialectical and other peculiarities from so accomplished a scholar as the editor. One, however, a poem on the Creation, already published by Dr. Wulckers, possesses considerable poetical merit, and a more elaborate rhythmical form than usual. The most important of the remainder is a metrical version of a part of the "Golden Legend," a spirited and interesting, if not highly poetical, performance, to which Dr. Horstmann has judiciously appended the Latin text for the purpose of comparison. The volume contains six other legends of saints and some minor pieces.

Dr. Schrader†, the leading representative of Assyrian studies in Germany, has been impelled by the strictures of Professor Gutschmid to produce the most extensive and elaborate work with which cuneiform studies have as yet been enriched by a German scholar. It hardly appears that Professor Gutschmid has urged any but the most obvious objections, such as the discrepancies between the Assyrian and other chronologies, and the peculiar difficulty of determining the pronunciation of names ideographically expressed. After a brief reply on these general questions, Professor Schrader proceeds to investigate individual cases of difficulty. He accounts for some of the chronological difficulties which have arisen by the errors committed by the cuneiform scribes themselves; disputes the theory that Assyrian was, at the period of the later inscriptions, a dead or a merely official language; and addresses himself in particular to a number of geographical and historical problems connected with the subject. *Musri*, for instance, is Egypt (Mizraim), not Afghanistan: although a tribe of the name is mentioned in an inscription of Tiglath Pileser as existing to the south-west of the Caspian Sea. The difficulties connected with King Phul may be removed by his identification with Tiglath Pileser. There is no reason to suspect any interruption in the eponymous lists of Assyrian magistrates. The final determination of such abstruse points may long remain uncertain, but meanwhile Dr. Schrader's temperance of language, minute attention to detail, and evident aversion to mere conjectures, are indisputably calculated to produce a strong impression in his favour. He writes like one conscious of great insecurity and liability to error, but equally conscious of having actually attained a firm, though narrow, basis of certainty, from which the region of knowledge may be indefinitely extended. Such seems to be also the conclusion of Professor Tiele‡, of Leyden, who sums up a general review of the subject very favourably as regards the substantial value of the investigations of Assyrian scholars, though censuring them for having attempted to satisfy the popular appetite for brilliant results by discovering too much.

Bemmo § is the title of a Japanese tract against Christianity, equally interesting for its direct statements and for the light it throws on the feelings of the educated classes in Japan. The writer exhibits more force of conviction than of reasoning; and his objections are in general of the most obvious kind, such as were urged by Celsus and other writers of similar calibre in the early days of Christianity. An original element, however, is imported into the controversy by the reverence for parents which forms so striking a feature of the Chinese and Japanese national character. The passages in the New Testament where filial are apparently subordinated to other duties will evidently, until duly explained, create a serious moral difficulty in the better minds among these nations; it is, for example, impossible for our Japanese to admit that, under any circumstances whatever, "the daughter-in-law should be set against the mother-in-law." As a fervent Confucian, our author entertains but a faint regard for truth in the abstract; the business of religion, in his view, is

to promote universal peace and order; and any doctrine productive of a contrary effect is *ipso facto* to be condemned. The science of the New Testament is a further difficulty with him; but his own is by no means upon the European level. He speaks disparagingly of the intellectual capacity of the mass of his own countrymen, and manifestly expects that the threats and promises of Christianity will have much influence with them. Buddhism, he hints, obtained a footing in the same manner; it is an evil, but one which it is needful to tolerate. The old official religion of Japan is not mentioned. At the end of his treatise he professes to derive consolation from a report which has reached him that the works of Confucius are being translated in India. From this he infers that within thirty or forty years Buddhism (which he seems to confound with Brahminism, unless India beyond the Ganges is meant) will probably be extinct in India; but fears that about the same time a worse kind of Buddhism will have become dominant in Japan. "Let," he concludes, "the Government look to this."

Dr. Lange's "ground plan" of Christian ethics* corresponds with perfect exactness to its title, being a mere outline, ample in so far as no department of the subject is omitted, but still a mere chart especially designed for the guidance of the professional theologian. The copious treatment of the Danish Bishop Martensen†, whose work on the same theme appears in a German version under the author's own superintendence, affords a remarkable contrast. Bishop Martensen is eloquent and discursive, and interests himself particularly in such practical questions beyond the sphere of theology proper as the righteous employment and distribution of capital. His work is far more readable and suggestive than Dr. Lange's, but makes no claim to the formal scientific precision of the latter.

It is not quite obvious how the "problem of a natural history of woman"‡ would be defined by F. von Baerenbach. His own special contribution to it, whatever it may be, is an analysis of the conflicting views of Schopenhauer, who regards the passion and poetry of love as the illusive halo with which nature veils her practical aim of the perpetuation of the species; and of Michelet, who considers them as the chief realities of existence. The contrast between two such opposite thinkers is piquant, and Herr von Baerenbach shows himself capable of doing justice to both.

"The A B C of Passion," § by Otto Roquette, is a refreshing book in this respect—that it renews the tradition of the old type of German novel without becoming either silly or wearisome. The romantic and sentimental style of fiction which of old found universal favour is indeed by no means extinct, but has of late been abandoned to inferior writers, the best novelists aiming either at strict realism or at the dissemination of special ideas. It is therefore pleasant to traverse again the familiar region of eloquent, if slightly unreal, emotion, and exciting, if hardly probable, incident, in the company of no hack scribbler who adheres to the old trade simply because he is too old to learn a new one, but of so elegant and cultivated a writer as Herr Otto Roquette.

The October number of the *Rundschau* || contains several contributions of importance, amongst others a graphic account of the Arabian desert by Paul Güssfeldt, which should do something to restore ancient and now somewhat waning traditions of Bedouin hospitality. A pilgrimage to the desert is, he thinks, sufficiently repaid by the opportunities it offers for intercourse with the excellent persons referred to. The same paper contains an interesting, and in the main favourable, account of the convents in the desert. The same able writer, as it would appear, who has already sketched the course of recent military and political events in their connexion with the Eastern question, begins a history of the Crimean war. The writer's sentiments are rather implied than expressed; but the general tendency of his work must be to impress upon his countrymen the extreme danger of encouraging Russian aggression. "Studies on Goethe" ¶ are chiefly occupied with the notice of a literary journal published at Frankfurt to which Goethe contributed in his youth. An essay on animal magnetism, by W. Preyer, is extremely hostile to the mesmeric theory in all its phases, especially clairvoyance and spiritualism.

Russian wine has hardly as yet established itself in European markets, but there seems to be no reason why it should not. The current number of the *Russian Review* † contains a very careful account of the cultivation of the vine in the Empire, principally in the Crimea, Transcaucasia, and Bessarabia. No less than four hundred varieties of the grape are cultivated in the Crimea, where the most attention has hitherto been paid to the acclimatization. The system of cultivation is described in the present paper; commercial and statistical details are to follow. Slavonic legends of wine, and also of the Cross, form the subject of an entertaining paper by Professor Wesseloſky. Professor Petzholdt continues his review of Schuyler's *Turkestan*.

* *Grundriss der christlichen Ethik*. Von Dr. J. P. Lange. Heidelberg: Winter. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die christliche Ethik*. Von Dr. H. Martensen. Specießer Theil. 2 Abthe. Gotha: Besser. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Das Problem einer Naturgeschichte des Weibes*. Von F. von Baerenbach. Jena: Dufft. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Das Buchstabirbuch der Leidenschaft*. Roman von Otto Roquette. 2 Bde. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 5. Hft. 5. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

¶ *Russische Revue: Monatsschrift für die Kunde Russlands*. Herausgegeben von C. Röttger. Jahrg. 7. Hft. 8. St. Petersburg: Schmitzdorff. London: Trübner & Co.

* *Sammlung altenglischer Legenden*. Von C. Horstmann. Heilbronn: Henninger. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Keilinschriften und Geschichtsforschung: ein Beitrag zur monumentalen Geographie, Geschichte und Chronologie der Assyrier*. Von Eberhard Schrader. Gießen: Ricker. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Assyriologie und ihre Ergebnisse für die vergleichende Religionsgeschichte*. Rede gehalten von Prof. C. P. Tiele. Leipzig: Schulze. London: Nutt.

§ *Bemmo, oder des Irrthums Darlegung*. Von Jasui Tschuihei. Mit einem Vorwort von Schimadzu Saburo. Deutsch von K. Friederici. Leipzig: Schulze. London: Williams & Norgate.

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Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., at No. 5 New-street Square, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and Published by DAVID JONES,
at the Office, No. 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, October 19, 1878.